

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 449.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BOY RAILROAD KING; OR, WORKING HIS WAY TO THE TOP

By JAS. C. MERRITT.



The colonel was a great talker and just as great a worker. The stones were rolled away in no time. "All aboard!" cried Harry. "Reg, I'm going back to the engine. You stay with Sandy on the dummy!"

PLUCK AND LUCK

Complete Stories of Adventure.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, November 7, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 449.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BOY RAILROAD KING

OR,

WORKING HIS WAY TO THE TOP

By **JAS. C. MERRITT**

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIES AND MISFORTUNES OF A NIGHT.

"Sing it again, Marian—just once more. It is really beautiful!"

Marian Lee played the accompaniment on the piano and sang the love song once again, Harry Edwards joining his rich, tenor voice to her sweet soprano.

It was a blissful moment for Harry. He felt as though he wished it might last forever.

But pleasant things seldom last long in this world of trouble.

The song was not finished when Colonel Edwards, the successful railroad contractor and rich man of the little town of Arlington, Illinois, came suddenly into the room.

"Ah, young folks! Enjoying a little music?" he said, in his bluff, hearty fashion. "Sorry to interrupt, but I have to catch the nine o'clock train for Chicago, and as I may not be back for a day or two, there are a few things I want to say."

"We are just about through, father," replied Harry. "It's the third time we've sung the song, so it don't make any difference if we do cut it short."

"That's right! Always take life's little trials cheerfully, and the big ones will never come. Don't go, Marian. In another year you will be Harry's wife, and I already consider you as a daughter. Now, listen to me, boy. I have arranged to begin work on the new branch line on Monday morning, and as I can't be here I want you to represent me. Don't look horrified. You are twenty years old to-morrow, and it's high time you began to get some idea of business, especially if you mean to marry Marian and start housekeeping on your own account."

Harry looked rather foolish and Marian blushed, but Colonel Edwards laughed till the windows rattled, for he was a big man and was reputed to have the heartiest laugh of anyone in Arlington.

"Come now! Come now!" he cried. "Nothing to be ashamed of in your love! Nothing at all! Marian, my dear, your father was my best friend. When he died, I felt as

though I had lost a brother. I only wish my dear wife were living and you should never leave this house again, but I suppose it is not altogether pleasant for you here, with only Mrs. Bissett, the housekeeper, so you'll be going back to your aunt in Chicago soon, but the wait won't be long. Once I can get the Arlington and Locksburg link line finished, I shall make immediate arrangements for the wedding, and I have no doubt we shall all live as happily as possible here."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Harry, throwing his arm around Marian's waist. "I have missed this dear girl terribly since she left Arlington, and naturally I am anxious to see her back again."

"And I shall be so glad to get back," said Marian. "I feel lost in Chicago, and after all there is no place like home."

"Of course it's so," replied the colonel. "I'll play the stage father for the moment, and say: 'Bless you, my children, bless you!' Now then, to business. See here, Harry, I am putting seventy-five thousand dollars in the safe. It is nearly half of what I am worth to-night, for, as you know, my losses during the past year have been very heavy. Here it goes, and I lock it up. You know the combination in case anything should happen to me, and I should never return."

Harry opened his eyes wide.

"What in the world did you take the money out of the bank for, father?" he asked.

"Because I don't like the way things are going, my boy; the Arlington bank in my humble judgment is in bad hands. I'll give you particulars later. Now I must be off or I won't catch the train. Don't forget to start the men on Monday in case I'm not back. Sandy Lewis, the new foreman, is only a boy, but he's as smart as a whip and he has full instructions, so you really won't have very much to do. Good-by, Hal! Good-by, daughter!"

Shaking hands with his son and kissing Marian Lee with all the fondness of a father, Colonel Edwards hurried off for the train.

That night at half-past one there was an alarm of fire in Arlington.

Harry Edwards heard the great bell on the Methodist Church clanging in his sleep, and dreamed that he was in the old red schoolhouse, where he and Marian used to go.

He thought that the building was all in flames—that he

had Marian in his arms, and was trying to force his way out, but the door was locked, and no effort of his could open it.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

The big bell was booming when Harry sprang up in bed to find that his dream was not all a dream.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

Harry jumped out of bed, threw up the window and looked out.

The sky was all red; he could hear men running and calling to one another, but he could not locate the fire then.

Pulling on his clothes, he ran into his father's room.

Then he could see it distinctly.

Bauman's brick block was all ablaze.

"Good gracious!" thought Harry, "the bank's a goner! Father drew out his money just in time."

He ran down to the floor below and knocked on Marian's door, but received no answer.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" men were shouting in the street.

Now, as Harry was foreman of the hook and ladder, there was no time to waste.

Danger to the house was something the boy never thought of, for Bauman's block was on Main street, a full square away.

Waking up, Mrs. Bissett and instructing her to look after Marian, Harry ran with all his might to the hook and ladder house.

He was a little late, but still in time to take his place at the head of the long truck.

"Let her go, boys!" he shouted, as the members of the company, old schoolmates of his, everyone of them, manned the ropes.

The hook and ladder went rumbling out into the street.

Shouting and yelling, the boys started for the fire, where they found the old hand engine, Neptune, already on the ground.

"Not much show, Harry," said Mr. Roundtree, the grocer, whose store was in the burning building. "I guess I'm a goner. Thank Heaven, I'm well insured."

"How did it catch, do you know?" asked Harry, who had just given his orders for the placing of the ladders.

"Don't know," replied Roundtree; "they say there was an explosion in the cellar under the bank, though I'll be blest if I see what there could have been to explode there."

Further talk was prevented by Ned Dalton, Harry's assistant, hurrying up to ask a question.

Indeed, it was no time for talk.

The fire was assuming serious proportions.

Already the whole interior of the store occupied by the bank was ablaze, and the flames were shooting out of the roof.

For the next two hours Harry Edwards and his little company worked like beavers.

So did the Neptune's boys, but it was all to no purpose.

The fire spread with fearful rapidity.

It soon became evident that the conflagration was likely to prove a serious one.

It spread across the street, and the whole row of frame stores opposite the Bauman block were soon in a blaze.

It swept eastward and ate its way through the square separating Colonel Edwards' house from Main street.

All hope of checking its progress had been abandoned before Mr. Miatt's fine residence, situated opposite the Edwards' mansion, burst into flame.

Long before this Harry saw that the easterly side of the town was doomed, and that there was little hope for his

father's house; but he worked bravely on, pulling down fences and outbuildings and trying in every way to check the progress of the destroyer.

Not until he saw that his father's house was actually threatened did he pause to think of his own private interests.

"Look after things for a few moments," he then said to Ned Dalton; "I must go home; there are things in the house that must be saved."

He ran around the corner—the fire had not yet reached Miatt's—and bursting through the gate, hurried up the gravel walk.

Mrs. Bissett met him at the open door. Her face was as white as chalk, and she was trembling all over.

"You must get right out, Mrs. Bissett!" cried Harry. "Our house will probably go with the rest. Tell Marian to get her things together, and I'll take her around to the hotel. Good Heavens! What is the matter? Why do you look at me so?"

"Oh, Master Harry, she's gone! She's gone!" groaned Mrs. Bissett. "She wasn't in her room when you told me to look! The window was open, and there's a ladder outside, and the safe has been robbed, Mister Harry, and, and— Oh, dear! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

It is doubtful if Harry heard it all.

All the life seemed to have gone out of him as he pushed the terrified housekeeper to one side, and went dashing up the stairs to Marian's room.

There was the open window, and there was the long ladder which belonged in the barn standing against the house, reaching to the ground.

The bed had not been occupied—there was no trace of Marian to be seen.

"Oh, she wasn't here when I broke the door in!" wailed Mrs. Bissett. "What can have happened to her, Master Harry? What can have happened to the poor child?"

What indeed?

So far as Harry knew Marian Lee had not one enemy in the world.

Yet she had vanished in the night—vanished long before the fire broke out, in all probability.

Harry was almost mad when he broke away from Mrs. Bissett and ran down into the library.

Here another mystery awaited him.

The safe door, which his father had locked so carefully, stood wide open, and the money had vanished.

Mystery and misfortune were coming down upon poor Harry's head thick and fast.

And yet the brave young foreman of the hook and ladder returned to his post and worked steadily on until the fire was finally stayed by the creek.

Colonel Edwards' house had been consumed with at least twenty others.

When Harry staggered into the Columbia Hotel just at dawn to telegraph his father, it seemed to the poor boy as though his cup of misfortune was about full.

But there was more to come.

The operator looked at Harry pityingly as he asked for a pen to write the dispatch.

"Going to wire your father, Harry?" he asked.

"Yes; be quick, please, Joe. I'm all used up."

"I wouldn't, Harry. It won't be any use. Brace up, old man! Don't look at me that way. I—I—the fact is, I've been holding a dispatch for you the last hour. Prepare for the worst, Harry; there's been a bad smash-up on the C. & A. near Joliet."

"My father!" gasped poor Harry, clutching the counter.

"Is hurt, but—"

"Stop Joe! Don't lie to me! I read it in your face! Father is dead!"

The operator sprang out of his little pen.

"Brace up, Harry! Brace up!" he cried. "It has to come to us all some time or other!"

It had come to Harry Edwards now.

Before the kindly operator could read the dispatch to the boy he fell to the floor like a stone.

CHAPTER II.

PLENTY OF FRIENDS.

One spring morning, about three weeks after the great calamity which had overtaken the little town of Arlington, the morning train from Chicago brought down an unusual number of passengers.

Six men—good, hard-headed business men they looked to be, too—allighted from the cars and hurried up to the Columbia Hotel.

All six passed on the way a quiet, sedate looking young man who wore a black weed on his hat, but none knew him.

For these men were strangers in Arlington.

They had been attracted to the town by an advertisement in the Chicago papers, stating that at ten o'clock that morning all the right, title and interest of the late Colonel Nat Edwards in the proposed Arlington and Locksburg Loop Line Railroad, designed to connect the Chicago and Alton with the Rock Island system at the town named, would be sold to the highest bidder.

These men were simply speculators, and now at Arlington for what they could make.

Colonel Edwards' interest in the new road was a controlling one, but there were certain conditions in the charter which rendered it necessary, now that the well-known railroad man was dead, that the right to build, together with all the tools, rails, ties and other belongings, should be sold, and the sale had been thus ordered by the courts.

The young man watched them as they hurried toward the hotel.

"They think they are going to have a walkover," he murmured. "They have no idea I mean to show fight. But let them wait. We'll see."

"Hello, Harry! How are you feeling this morning?" exclaimed a man who came hurrying down Main street.

It was Roundtree, the grocer. Certainly his losses did not seem to have affected his spirits; but Roundtree was all business and full of pluck—in short, a typical Western man.

"I am feeling quite well, Mr. Roundtree," replied Harry; "that is, as well as I can feel under the circumstances."

"Pshaw! Don't be cast down by circumstances, boy. Where's the use? Your father was a good man, and much respected in this town, but his time had come. He was not the only one. Remember sixty others met death on the Alton that night."

"I know, sir. I am bearing up the best I can."

"And well, too! I admire you for it. Any clew to the scoundrels who robbed your father's safe?"

"No. The Pinkertons are working on the case, but they have nothing to report."

"How about Marian Lee? Anything been heard of her?"

Harry shook his head.

This was a tender subject.

Everything that man could do Harry had done to gain tidings of the missing girl, and even now two of the best detectives in the United States had the case in hand, but as yet the mystery was as black and unfathomable as it had been on that dreadful night, when half Arlington was laid in ashes

and Harry forgot what it was to be a boy and began to be a man.

"Strange whatever became of her," continued Roundtree, "but I suppose you don't feel like talking about it, Harry; keep at it, do as I do, and the worse things go the louder you whistle. Look here, now for business. Want any money to tackle those Chicago contractors at the sale this morning? I'm pretty low down myself, but can raise ten thousand. You propose to tackle the railroad yourself. I like your pluck, and if you need it you may draw on me for that amount."

Harry was deeply touched.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Roundtree?" he said in broken tones.

"By taking the money if you need it, my boy, and letting it alone if you don't. Heard your father was pretty close run, and in view of your loss——"

"I don't need it, Mr. Roundtree. I think I have enough, and I am prepared to spend the last dollar to carry out my poor father's wishes; you know his heart was set on building the loop line."

"I know it. It means big business for Arlington, and he foresaw that. Well, all right, my boy, go in and win. Sorry, I can't go in with you, but it is really better for you that you paddle your own canoe."

Tears were in Harry's eyes as the kindly grocer left him, but he had to quickly dash them away, for before he had gone ten feet he encountered Susie Penoyer, one of his old schoolmates, and by many considered the prettiest girl in Arlington.

"Oh, Harry, I'm so glad I met you!" Susie exclaimed, as he lifted his hat politely. "Father is sick in bed and he wanted me to look you up, but I hardly liked to call at the hotel."

"Certainly not, Susie," Harry replied. "I'm sorry to hear that your father is sick; nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no; only a cold. What he wanted me to say to you is this—I hope you won't be offended, Harry—if you want any money to help you out at the auction, father says you are at liberty to draw on him up to fifteen thousand. There! Now we have offended you; I see in your face!"

"No, no, Susie! It ain't that, but everybody is so kind. I don't think there ever was a fellow who had such good friends as I have, and——"

"And you deserve them, Harry. What—tell him you don't need it? Well, father will be disappointed, but I suppose you know best."

"It is really overpowering," thought Harry, as he hurried on. "I don't know what I have ever done to deserve it; but father deserved it all and more from the Arlington people, and I suppose it is on his account. I must hurry, or I shall be late for the sale."

But Harry was not through with his friends yet.

Just as he reached the steps of the courthouse where the sale was to take place, who should drive up with his spanking team of bays but Reg Rightmeyer, an old Arlington boy, now in business with his father in Mendon, the next town.

"Hello, Hal!" he exclaimed, reigning in. "Sorry for your trouble, old man, but say, I hear you are in on this railroad sale?"

"I'm going to have the property if I can get it, Reg, that's sure."

"You must get it."

"No doubt I shall, unless some other fellow wants it worse than I do."

"Father says it will probably fetch a hundred thousand, including right of way, the buildings at Locksburg and everything."

"If it does, I'm not in it."

"Say, Hal, I won't ask you what you intend to bid, for that ain't business, but father and I talked it over last night, and if you want fifty thousand dollars from us it's yours, bonds on the property is the security. When the road is done we'll be perfectly secure."

Harry could scarcely find words to reply.

"Reg," he faltered, "this is too much; I don't know what I have ever done——"

"Now, now! We know you, my boy, that's enough. Besides, we really run no risk."

"I'm ever so much obliged, Reg, but I can't borrow—I won't!"

"Suit yourself, Hal. You've got to undertake to see your father's plans through, though—you must do it. Father and I have settled it, and there ain't a business man in Arlington or Mendon who won't be willing to put his hand in his pocket to help you out."

It really was overpowering.

Harry was so deeply moved by this last kindness that he could only press Reg Rightmeyer's hand and hurry off to join the crowd on the courthouse steps.

Reg turned his team over to a colored boy, and joined it, too.

Promptly at ten o'clock Mr. Acton, the auctioneer, mounted the steps and began to rattle off the merits of the property.

Nobody paid much attention to him, for nearly everyone present knew all about it.

"What am I offered, gentlemen!" bawled the auctioneer at length; "how much will you give me for the charter right, the right of way, the buildings, rails, ties, tools and rolling stock of the Arlington and Locksburg railroad?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" called Ralph Randall, a well-known Chicago railroad contractor, and a most thoroughly unprincipled man.

"Twenty-five—make it thirty!" bawled the auctioneer.

Another Chicago man made it thirty, and Randall went to thirty-five.

Others joined in. They ran up to fifty-eight thousand, amid a good deal of excitement.

All this time Reg Rightmeyer, Mr. Roundtree and other local business men kept their eye on Harry Edwards, but thus far the boy had not spoken a word.

"Let them waste their powder first," Harry thought. "I know my limit, and I'll stick to it; not a cent will I borrow, and not a cent more will I give."

It hung at fifty-eight thousand for a few moments, and then rose to sixty in hundred dollar bids.

Ralph Randall's bid was the last, and he thought he had it all his own way, when Harry, speaking for the first time, quietly bid sixty-one.

Randall was furious.

"Sixty-two!" he shouted.

"Sixty-three!" said Harry.

It was now a race between them, for all other bidders had dropped out.

By jumps of a thousand, Randall ran it up to seventy thousand, glaring at Harry as though he had been some strange wild beast, instead of only a plucky Western boy determined to win.

Harry's heart sank as the last bid was made.

He had reached his limit.

So, if he had only known it, had Randall.

"Seventy—going at seventy!" bawled the auctioneer. "Last call, gentlemen! Going at seventy thousand dollars—what's that? Yes, sir! Well worth it. Cheap at a hundred thousand! Seventy-five—seventy-five! Who'll give me more? Who'll give me more?"

And so on for ten minutes, but there was nobody in the crowd to give him more and nobody knew who had bid the extra five thousand—four more than was actually necessary, by the way—until the auctioneer cried out:

"Gone at seventy-five thousand to Rightmeyer & Son and dirt cheap at that!"

Harry did not know what to make of it.

His heart was full as he turned away, but before he could get clear of the crowd Reg had him by the arm.

"It's yours, Hal!" he whispered; "yours for any amount you have a mind to put up, and father and I will stand the balance. You've got to do it. I was sent here to make you, and father would bounce me from the firm if I went back shunted."

Plenty of friends?

Well, yes! Harry Edwards had them in Arlington and thereabouts.

And we may be excused for saying that he deserved them all.

Next day Harry drove over to Mendon and came back seventy thousand poorer, but one railroad in!

It was the Arlington & Locksburg Loop Line, his father's last conception and favorite scheme.

But Harry had spent his all.

To begin business on he had just one thousand dollars in cash.

But stay!

He was better off than that.

Harry had youth, pluck and energy, and above all, a good name.

CHAPTER III.

THE ACCIDENT AT THE BRIDGE.

"When do you propose to begin operations, Harry?" asked Reg Rightmeyer, as he followed the plucky Arlington boy to his buggy and shook hands with him.

"To-morrow morning at seven o'clock," replied Harry, promptly.

"By jove, you are right on time, Hal."

"Well, everything is ready, Reg. You see, I telephoned Sandy Lewis, the young fellow father engaged for foreman, and he came down from Chicago by the morning train. Some of the men are still hanging around town, and Sandy brought down the others. I see nothing to hinder us from beginning to tear down the old ridge across Plum Creek first thing to-morrow. We can't make a beginning until that's removed."

"You are right up to business, Harry."

"I shouldn't have had the chance to show whether I had any business in me or not, Reg, if it hadn't been for your kindness."

"Don't you say another word about it, Hal. S'pose I was going to see you get left. By the way, you have heard nothing from Marian?"

"Not a thing."

"Strange what could have happened to her. I don't understand it."

"I only wish I did," was Harry's thought as he drove away.

His heart was well-nigh broken when he thought of the gentle girl.

But he had done all that he could do, and he wisely determined not to allow even this great grief to interfere with his work.

Bright and early Harry was at the old wooden bridge, which

crossed Plum Creek, separating Arlington from the township of Mendon.

Sandy Lewis, a bright young Scotchman of about Harry's own age, was on hand with a gang of fifty laborers, all of whom seemed only too eager and willing to begin work.

"Good-morning, boss," said Lewis respectfully. "Are we going to make a start to-day?"

"Good-morning," replied Harry; "yes, we shall start right in; but before we do I want to say a word."

He drew Lewis aside.

"You'll have to help me out a bit," he said. "Of course you understand that I ain't the practical man my father was. I shall depend a good deal on you until I get fairly broken in."

"You may, boss," replied Sandy, "and I won't go back on you neither. You can bank on me every time!"

"But understand, I don't ask you to give me this help for nothing," added Harry. "Your contract with my father calls for twenty dollars a week. I shall make it twenty-two. Now then, what would you advise? Of course we don't need all these men on the bridge?"

Sandy's eyes glistened. Harry had touched the man on the pocket and secured a friend.

"I think a dozen will do us here, sir," he said. "The balance I'll start in grading on the other side."

"There's not a great deal of grading to be done here, is there?"

"Very little for the first three miles, sir; after that it is a bit heavy."

"Very good. It shall be as you say. Start them on the bridge, and I'll begin tearing down the bridge."

"You'd best be careful, sir. The spiles are very rotten. Better leave two on each end until the planking is removed."

"Wouldn't you remove the planks first? That was my idea."

"No; you see, we have only one boat, and I can't raise another in town. My idea is to swing a boatswain's chair, or suspended scaffold, down to just above where the spile rises out of the water and cut away there, making fast to the planking above; by that means six men can work on a side, and when we finally come to remove the planking our bridge will practically be down."

"Good enough," said Harry. "Couldn't ask for anything better. You go on with your grading, and I'll start right in to remove the bridge."

Harry put in a busy morning.

Sandy Lewis' plan worked finely.

He showed Harry how to rig the boatswain's chair, and soon there were six of them in full operation.

But cutting off the spiles was slow business, for they were water-soaked and very tough.

At about eleven o'clock, while Harry stood on the bridge leaning over the edge, for the railing had been removed, watching the progress of one of the men, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder.

Starting up, he was not a little surprised to see Ralph Randall, the Chicago speculator, standing before him.

The man had evidently been drinking. His hat was tilted on the back of his head, and there was the butt of a burnt-out cigar between his teeth.

"Well, young fellow," he drawled, thrusting his hands in his pockets, "so you've got to work, have you? How do you get along with your job?"

"First-rate," replied Harry. "This is Mr. Randall, I believe?"

"Well, yaas! That's my name daytimes. Nice trick that you played me, wasn't it now?"

"What was that?" asked Harry.

"To jump in and bid over me with your dummy just as I had this here railroad in my hands."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean!" retorted Harry. "An auction is an auction, I suppose? Besides, Mr. Rightmeyer was no dummy of mine. Don't you know his father is worth a million?"

"Oh, yes, but you get the contract all the same. I've a great mind to break your face for you. It was a scurvy trick, that's what it was!"

Harry, who had a hot temper, flared up in an instant.

"If there's to be any face-breaking done you'd better begin right now!" he cried. "I'm ready, if you are, any time."

"Don't you be sassy, young man! I'll have this railroad yet. I'm not accustomed to being browbeaten by boys."

"You'll get off of here and keep off while I have it then," cried Harry. "Come now, move! I'm here to work—not to be insulted."

"Put me off! Put me off! I dare you!" shouted Randall. "This bridge is public property. Oh, yes, I'll go off, I don't think."

"It's not public property. It's condemned for the railroad."

"Why don't you fence it in then? Here's a team coming now! Do you want to kill half your neighbors by your botch boy's work?"

Now, Harry had been at particular pains to put a bar across the entrance to the bridge, with a danger sign nailed upon it.

He saw as he looked that it had been thrown down, and never doubted that Randall did it.

Then, to his dismay, he also saw a handsome horse attached to a road wagon come tearing down the hill.

It was driven by Susie Pennoyer.

Evidently the girl had no idea of the danger at the bridge.

"Back! Keep back!" shouted Harry, running forward and waving his hands warningly. "Danger! Don't drive on here, Susie! The bridge won't bear your team!"

Susie recognized Harry and her danger at the same time.

She drew in the reins, but whether it was that the spirited animal had become alarmed at Harry's excited gestures or for whatever reason, the horse took the bit in his teeth and came dashing onto the bridge.

"Keep her back! She'll go down sure!" shouted Sandy Lewis from the other side.

Then the foreman, in spite of his caution, did a very foolish thing.

He ran on to the bridge, and fully half his men, with the idea of helping, followed him.

"Help me, Harry! I can't hold her!" Susie cried.

Before Harry could reach the horse the team was on the bridge.

At the same instant the westerly end, borne down by the weight of the men, gave way, sending Sandy Lewis and his laborers down into the water.

Ralph Randall went with them.

"Help! Save me! I can't swim!" he yelled, as his tall hat flew off and his hand went up.

Harry caught the horse by the bit rein and forced him back on his haunches at the brink of the yawning gulf.

But the danger was not over yet.

The timbers of the remaining half of the broken bridge were slowly sinking beneath the weight of the team.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

"Help! Help! Save me! I'm drowning! I can't swim! Somebody pull me out!"

Ralph Randall, the disappointed railroad contractor, made

noise enough for any two men—one would have thought that he was the only one who had fallen into Plum Creek.

It was not so, by any means.

Half of young Harry Edwards' gang were in the creek, "battling for their lives," we were going to say, but perhaps the circumstances hardly justify it, for the majority of the workingmen could swim well enough, and the creek was not very wide.

Some had already made their way ashore, and others were following their example as rapidly as possible—Ralph Randall was making more noise than all the rest.

Just at this moment the remaining half of the bridge fell with a crash, and the creek was filled a second time with boards, planks and bits of floating timber.

Harry was not a moment too soon to prevent Susie Penoyer's horse and buggy from going down with the wreck.

He had just backed the horse off the bridge when the crash came.

Susie kept perfectly cool through it all and showed lots of pluck.

"I'm all right now, Harry. I can hold him. Look after the rest!" exclaimed the brave girl. "Don't lose a moment! That man is drowning. I know you are the best swimmer in town."

"He don't deserve that I should help him, but I'll do it just the same," said Harry. "Are you sure you can manage all right, Susie?"

"Certain."

"Then here goes!"

Harry turned, and throwing off his hat and coat, took a header into the creek.

"Help! Help! Save me!" Randall was still calling.

He had been down twice, and was just going down the third time, when Harry came up to him.

It was not the first time the brave boy had rescued the drowning.

He knew just what to do, and he did it without an instant's loss of time.

"Keep your hands off of me! Let me get you under the arms and you'll be all right!" he shouted.

But he had to fight for the position, for Randall would have clutched him by main strength.

But Harry was as strong as a horse, and entirely good, for the task he had undertaken.

In a few moments he had the contractor on the bank.

Here Sandy Lewis joined him, and the workmen, all of whom were out by this time, came crowding around.

Randall scrambled to his feet, coughing and sputtering and sayings things.

Really his language was disgraceful—we cannot possibly repeat it.

"It's your fault, you young idiot!" he roared. "I'll get square with you for this? I'll have the law on you! What right have you to leave a mantrap like this around?"

"Hoot mon!" cried Sandy. "Where's your gratitude? Dinna the boss save your life? It would sarve ye right if we was to tumble you in the creek again, so it would."

Sandy always dropped into his Scotch dialect when excited, and he was more than excited now.

But Harry was cool enough.

"Go on about your business!" he said, sternly. "It was you who removed the bar at the end of the bridge, and you know it!"

"It's a lie!" roared Randall. "You will strike me, will you? Take that!"

He aimed a blow at Harry, which brought matters to a finish.

Harry dodged nimbly aside. It was too much for human endurance.

The boy struck out, took Randall under the chin, and sent him sprawling.

Then Sandy Lewis and his men jumped in.

"Leave him to us, boss!" they shouted.

They jerked him to his feet and gave him a good beating.

Right and left he got it.

The last Harry saw of Randall he was running down the road at full speed in a very dilapidated condition.

"Served him right!" called out Susie from the opposite bank. "Good-by, Harry, I'm off! Don't you worry about me! This shan't even spoil my ride!"

"She's the right sort of girl," said Sandy, as Susie drove away.

"I'm very sorry this affair occurred," replied Harry, "but it ain't our fault. You'll bear witness, Sandy, that the bar was put in place."

"Of course it was," said Sandy; "but no matter, boss. The bridge is down, anyway, and all we've got to do now is to clear away the rubbish and build the new one, and we'll just get right at it as though nothing had gone astray."

This was sound advice, and for the next week or ten days everything went surprisingly well.

Harry worked night and day at his plans and in arranging for supplies, etc., while Sandy, who was a regular driver if ever there was one, kept the men hustling.

Work on the new bridge was necessarily slow, but in the meantime the grading went steadily on, and by Saturday night a good stretch of the roadbed was ready for the ties.

There was enough material on hand, purchased and paid for by Colonel Edwards, to keep Harry going for some time, so the only thing that he really needed money for was the wages of the men.

Harry had taken all this into consideration.

His thousand dollars—a slender capital to begin building a railroad on, truly—was ample for the first few weeks, for the Saturday night's payroll was only two hundred and twenty-three dollars.

"How are you going to manage for your working capital, Hal?" Reg Rightmeyer asked, when the property was turned over to Harry at the mill.

"I'll manage that," was the reply.

Harry spoke confidently—almost proudly.

"How?" asked Reg. "You can't do it on wind, and you'd better not bond the road to anybody but Rightmeyer & Son. We are ready to make you a further loan any time you want it."

"If I need it I'll come to you," replied Harry. "but I'm determined not to borrow a cent more than I'm forced to. The success of the road is a problem, anyhow, and Rightmeyer & Son have loaned all the money they can afford to loan on it as it is."

"Harry has some secret," thought Reg, and he wondered what it could be.

He was quite correct.

Harry had a secret, and it had raised his hopes that he might be able to complete the railroad without borrowing a dollar, although his first idea had been to issue second mortgage bonds, and so secure a working capital.

Like most secrets, Harry's was simply enough once understood.

What it was must develop as our story advances.

Enough for the present to say that on the first Saturday night Harry paid his men out of his own little capital, and on the second and third it was the same.

Money was now getting short, for of course there were

other expenses, and as Harry paid for everything his purse grew lighter with startling rapidity.

On the fourth Saturday Harry began to look worried, but he paid off as usual at the bridge.

It was a damp, rainy evening; the breaking up of winter had caused Plum Creek to rise, and the water had seriously interfered with the progress of the work.

For several days Sandy had been able to do next to nothing on the bridge.

A temporary structure was thrown across the track, but there had been as yet no chance to drive the permanent piles, although the timber had arrived and in the form of a raft lay moored to the bank.

Reg Rightmeyer drove up just as Harry got through handing around the envelopes, and the young contractor turned away to speak to his friend.

"Well, how do things go, Harry?" demanded Reg, after they had shaken hands.

"Pretty fair, Reg," was the reply. "The high water is keeping us back, but that won't last forever, I suppose."

"I'm sure I hope not," said Reg; "it was up to the second floor of our mill last night, and half our machinery is spoiled."

"You don't mean it. That means a big loss."

"Oh, I suppose so, but we've got to take things as they come. Want any money, Hal? Plenty ready if the bag is getting low."

"I don't want any to-day, Reg, but I may next week."

"Call upon us if you do."

"I shall know by Tuesday. If I come it will mean a big loan."

"We'll take a second mortgage any time, old man. Father says it ought to have been done at the start, unless you are better fixed than we think you are."

"I don't know myself exactly how I'm fixed, Reg, but I shall know by Tuesday, as I said before, and— Hello, what's the matter now?"

While Harry and Reg were talking the men had gathered near the log raft and seemed to be discussing something of rather an exciting nature.

Harry had noticed this, and he had also noticed that one Jack Ricketts, a big quarrelsome fellow, who had made Sandy more or less trouble from the first, was having a good deal to say.

Now the men suddenly made a break for Harry.

"Look a-here, boss, we don't work no more under Sandy Lewis!" shouted Ricketts, in a very offensive way. "You'll have to bounce him or we'll go on a strike! D'ye hear? You want to give him his walking papers right away!"

It was the beginning of trouble.

But Harry was not unprepared.

"Are you running this work or am I, Mr. Ricketts?" he calmly answered, as he turned and faced the men.

can't give in. The men have just got wind of it and have decided to strike?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Harry. "Come, boys, this is all nonsense. You've been well treated on this job, and you've had your money promptly. Settle your differences and let's hear no more about it."

"Can't be done nohow, sir," said Ricketts. "Either Sandy Lewis goes, or we go!"

"Better discharge me, boss," said Sandy.

"No, Lewis! You can leave any time you want to, but I'll not discharge you without cause."

"Then the work will stop."

"Yes!" shouted Ricketts. "We'll stop it. We'll break up any gang you may hire, boss; and if you hire Eyetalians we'll drown 'em in the creek."

"Whew!" whistled Reg. "This is getting serious, Hal; you'd better yield."

"Not if I know it!" cried Harry. "Boys, Sandy Lewis remains my foreman; those of you who don't want to come to work Monday morning can stay away. Reg, give me a lift down to town."

Thus saying, Harry jumped into the buggy and Reg drove him up to Main street.

"There's going to be trouble, I'm afraid," remarked Rightmeyer, as they rode along.

Harry set his lips firmly.

"There's trouble everywhere," he replied. "Let it come."

"You're a stubborn one, Hal. I should have let the Scotchman go."

"I won't, then. He's a good foreman, and he's worked faithfully. Still if you say do it, Reg, I'll do it for—"

"Come now, come now!" cried Reg. "None of that! I ain't dictating to you. The Short Line is yours, not mine, and don't you think that just because I lent you the money to buy it I want to interfere?"

"I don't think it, Reg. You are as true a friend as ever a fellow had, and I only hope I shall have a chance to show how I appreciate your kindness some of these days."

The chance was to come sooner than either of the boys dreamed.

They parted then.

Reg drove over to Mendon, and Harry went to his boarding-house and washed up for supper.

Troubled over the threatened strike he certainly was, but he was the same quiet, gentlemanly fellow at the supper table that evening, and no one would ever have guessed that he had anything on his mind.

But while he ate Harry was thinking.

As soon as supper was over he went down to the telegraph office, and sent a dispatch to the head of a well-known labor office in Chicago.

The dispatch read as follows:

"Have one hundred laborers ready in case I write you Monday A. M. Railroad work.

H. EDWARDS."

"Arlington, Ill."

CHAPTER V.

THE FACE OF MARIAN LEE.

"What's the matter, anyhow, boys?" asked Harry, as the men, overawed by his quiet way, stood back, Ricketts staring and making no reply.

"He ain't union, and we can't work under him!" said Ricketts. "That's what!"

"How is this, Sandy?" asked Harry, turning to his young foreman, who so far had not spoken a word.

"They kicked me out last week, sir, because I wouldn't stand their arbitrary rules. My Scotch danger is up and I

"I don't like to bring outside labor into town," he said to himself, "but if the men force me into it they've got to take the consequences. The railroad is going to be built; union or no union the work shall not be delayed a day."

Having come to this determination, Harry walked rapidly down Main street, among the ruins, and turned into Cross street, hurrying to that part of Arlington known as Caliphat --the slums of the town which had escaped the fire, and considering the size of Arlington, it was a pretty hard locality, it must be confessed.

Now Caliphat was a dangerous place at the best of times,

and particularly so on a Saturday night, but Harry walked fearlessly through the ill-lighted muddy street heedless of the remarks of half drunken men as he passed them.

"That's him—that's the little boss," they said to each other.

A few called after him threateningly, but the boy kept straight on until he came to a low saloon on the bank of the creek, which he entered without the least hesitation, although quite a crowd of loafers hung about the door.

The place was filled with men, crowded about the bar, and seated at the dirty tables.

So thick was the smoke that Harry could scarcely see, but apparently it was not necessary, for a man immediately separated himself from the crowd and came up to him.

"You ought not to come here on a Saturday night," he whispered. "You'll spoil all."

"I can't help it," answered Harry. "I knew you'd be here and I had to see you. Have you any news for me? I must know."

"Come outside and I'll answer you," replied the man, who was none other than a Pinkerton detective, Joe Montjoy, by name.

Harry followed him from the saloon and around into the alley.

He seemed greatly agitated. In fact, not a trace of his usual calmness remained.

"Tell me what you know, quick!" he said. "Have you discovered any clew?"

The detective smiled as he drew a small photograph from his pocket and held it up under a lamp burning in front of a stable which opened on the alley.

"Who is this?" he asked. "Is this the missing girl?"

Harry gave a quick gasp as he looked at the card.

"For Heaven's sake! Where did you get it?" he asked.

"That's my business," replied Montjoy. "Is it the girl?"

"Yes, yes!"

Montjoy put the card in his pocket.

"Then I know where she is," he said, "but that don't mean that I can produce her."

"Tell me! Explain yourself!"

"Not now. Meet me at the Red Bridge below Mendon tomorrow morning at seven o'clock and I'll explain further. Have a good horse and come prepared to give up the day."

"Tell me what you mean! Tell me where you got that picture!" demanded Harry, catching Montjoy's arm.

"Do as I say or do nothing!" replied the detective, fiercely. "Interfere with me and I drop the case."

Thus saying, Joe Montjoy pulled away and hurried off into the darkness of the alley.

Harry made no attempt to follow him.

The boy's brain was in a whirl.

For the first time since that terrible night of the fire he allowed himself to hope.

For he knew that the photograph he had seen must have been recently taken.

It represented a young girl lying upon a bed asleep.

It was but a blurred, indistinct affair, but the face was wonderfully distinct.

The hasty glance Harry gave it was quite sufficient.

It was the face of Marian Lee.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY AND THE STRIKERS.

Harry went to bed at his usual hour that Saturday night. But not to sleep.

To tell the truth, the boy never slept at all, and so it happened when at five o'clock there came a whistle under his window he was wide awake and heard it.

"One of the fellows," he thought, for it was the old whistle which no one but one of the boys of the Arlington High School could give.

Harry jumped out of bed and threw up the window.

The rain was coming down in torrents, as it had done all night, and the wind blowing a fierce gale off the lakes.

"That you, Ned Dalton?" cried Harry, recognizing his chum of the hook and ladder company outside.

"Yes, it is," answered Ned. "Say, Harry, there's trouble down at the new bridge."

"What trouble?"

"Don't exactly know. There's a big gang of your men there and the biggest part of them are drunk, they are singing and hollering and raising Cain generally. I had to go down to the early train to see father off for Chicago, and as I was coming up past the bridge I seen them dragging your foreman down. Six men had hold of him and it seemed to me as though he didn't want to go either. It may be all right, old man, but as near as I could make out he didn't want to go."

"But it ain't all right!" cried Harry. "Ned, I'm glad you came. Those fellows are on a strike, and there's going to be trouble. I must go down at once."

"I'll go with you if you like, Hal."

"I don't ask it, Ned, but——"

"I'll go."

"I shan't forget if you do. Hold up! I'll be down in two shakes."

Harry slammed down the window and hurried on his clothes.

"Poor Sandy!" he thought. "I hope to goodness no trouble comes to him; but what am I to do if this thing prevents me from keeping my appointment with Mr. Montjoy?"

It was something he scarcely dared to think of, for that was an appointment which had to be kept even if the Short Line was never built.

Before Harry left the room he took a revolver from the bureau drawer and put it in his hip pocket.

It was the first time he had ever done such a thing with any other idea than shooting at a mark, but there was no telling how handy it might come now.

"They say Rightmeyer's mill is in danger of being washed away," remarked Ned, as they ran at full speed toward the bridge.

"You don't mean it!" gasped Harry. "Where did you hear that?"

"Down at the station. Heard Charley Conover, the agent, say that old Rightmeyer and Reg had been working all night. Plum Creek has risen eight feet since sundown. Lucky for you the bridge hasn't been started yet or you wouldn't find much of it there."

"More trouble," thought Harry. "I ought to go straight to Mendon, but I can't be in half a dozen places at once."

True to his character, he said nothing, but just set his lips and ran on.

When they came in sight of the bridge they saw that a big crowd had collected.

They were not all Harry's railroad builders, by any means. A good many of the tough characters from Caliphat were among them.

They were shouting, yelling and running up and down the bank.

"Say you'll join and we'll let you go!" the boys could hear them shout. "If you don't we'll duck you again!"

They had poor Sandy tied to the end of a rope, and had

just drawn him out of the creek, which had risen nearly to the level of its banks.

But Sandy's Scotch was up and he was for anything but yielding to their demands.

"I'll no do it!" he shouted. "Ye may kill me, but I'll ne'er join your union, you murderin' blackguards! The boss has used ye too well, that's what's the matter with you; I'd rather die a thousand deaths than give in to such a disgraceful lot!"

Then there was another yell.

"Duck him again! Duck him again!" they shouted.

Day was just dawning as they seized Sandy and tossed him into the water.

Out he came all wet and dripping.

"Once more!" they cried. "This time cut the rope!"

"Stand back, you cowards! Don't you dare do it!"

Harry Edwards, followed by Ned Dalton, sprang into their midst.

"It's the boss! It's the boss!" passed from mouth to mouth.

Harry threw himself in front of Sandy, and tried to snatch the rope from Jack Ricketts.

At the same time the striking railroad builders crowded around the foreman and would have pushed him into the water, but Harry, finding that he could not get the rope, struck out right and left.

"Back! Get back! Don't you lay a hand on him," he sternly ordered. "Boys, haven't I used you right? Why do you do this thing? Go home and think better of it all and come to work Monday morning. That will be better than doing murder and getting yourselves into jail!"

They fell back and seemed disposed to listen.

"No preaching," snarled Ricketts, who was very drunk. "Boss, this is no affair of yourn. We ain't got nothin' agin you, but don't yer interfere or there'll be trouble, and take a fool's advice and don't be too handy with them fists of yourn. Now stand back out of the way!"

"Go, Mr. Edwards! Please go!" whispered the foreman. "You can't save me, and you'll only make trouble for yourself."

"T'row 'em both in! Let's do 'em both!"

Suddenly someone started the cry.

It was a critical moment for the boy railroad builder.

There was a grand rush.

Harry saw it coming and braced himself the best he could.

"Back! Back!" he shouted, at the same time drawing his revolver, while Ned Dalton sprang to his side, prepared for the worst.

But the worst had already come.

Ned was swept off his feet in a moment.

The revolver was torn from Harry's hand before he had half raised it.

"Kill the scab—kill the boss!" they shouted. "Do 'em both!"

There was no holding onto the rope this time.

Sandy Lewis was seized and pushed backward into the water.

His hands and legs were tied, and the unfortunate fellow sank like a log.

Harry had met with a similar fate before him.

Maddened with drink, the infuriated mob had already thrown Harry into the swollen stream.

"Shoot him if he shows his head!" cried Ricketts to the man who had snatched away the revolver. "What right has he to interfere with us?"

At the same instant Harry's head appeared above the surface.

The wretch who held the revolver—he was one of the toughest characters in Caliphath—instantly fired.

A wild shout went up from the bank.

Harry's head dropped out of sight.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF RIGHTMEYER'S MILL.

If ever man or boy came near meeting death by drowning, it was Sandy Lewis.

He would have lost his life to a certainty if it had not been for the pluck and coolness of Harry Edwards, our boy railroad king.

It will be remembered that the strikers threw Harry into Plum Creek first, and that when he was seen to rise to the surface they fired at him, and he instantly disappeared.

Then the strikers felt sure that he had been shot, and alarmed at their own desperate act, they set up a wild shout and went trooping back toward Arlington.

The only one who lost a moment in departing was Jack Ricketts, who seemed to be especially vindictive.

The raft of logs to be used in building the new railroad bridge was moored to an old spile close to where Ricketts stood, and from sheer ugliness the wretch whipped out his knife and cut it free.

Instantly the raft was seized by the rushing water, whirled around and went sweeping down the stream, while Ricketts ran off to join his friends.

This saved Sandy's life, or rather helped Harry to save it. For the ball had passed harmlessly over the boy's head.

Already Harry had a grip on his foreman, and was supporting his sinking form.

Next time Harry came up he brought the young Scotchman with him, and there was the raft swinging toward them just in time.

One mighty effort, a few words of encouragement, and Harry was on the raft, kneeling down and pulling Sandy up after him.

"Harry! Harry!" shouted Ned Dalton, who had picked himself up and was running along the bank.

Harry shouted back, but the wind swept his words away.

It swept the raft away, too, and the rushing current of Plum Creek helped it on.

Poor Ned, who had been badly handled by the strikers, could not begin to keep up with it.

In a moment it swept in among the willows and was out of sight.

"Oh, boss, I shall never forget this. You have saved my life!"

"What else should I do?" replied Harry. "Brace up, Sandy! We'll live through this and down those fellows yet. Did you think for a minute that I was going to stand quietly by and see them drown you like a dog?"

Harry cut the cord with which the strikers had tied the young man, and Sandy, none the worse for his rough handling, except in the matter of wet clothes, was able to scramble to his feet.

The scene which presented itself was startling.

Here, in the meadows, Plum Creek had overflowed its banks, and the whole country seemed to be under water.

Still the raft left the channel and went whirling on.

"How came they to get you, Sandy?" asked Harry, as he shook the water off his dripping garments—something of but little use, by the way, for the rain was pouring in torrents. "What brought you down to the bridge?"

"They attacked my boarding-house and dragged me out," replied Sandy. "I did the best I could, boss, but they are

a bad lot, and if you hadn't come along they would have murdered me as sure as fate."

"They shall pay for it!" cried Harry. "Not another hour's work shall any of those fellows do for me, and as for Ricketts——"

"Better let him alone, boss," interrupted the foreman. "Take my advice and don't try to strike back; you'll only get yourself into trouble if you do."

"We'll see," said Harry, setting his teeth. "First thing is for us to get ashore and to save the raft if we can."

"It will be a big loss to you if it breaks up."

"I can stand that, but I don't intend that either of us shall lose our lives if I can help it. Can you swim, Sandy?"

"Not a stroke."

"If you could I'd say let the raft go to thunder, and we'd make for dry land."

"Save yourself and let me go."

"Not on any account; but don't worry; there's no danger; no doubt we'll ground somewhere below Mendon; the creek widens out by the Red bridge."

While they talked the raft went sweeping on, and at last the steeples of Mendon came in sight.

Harry looked ahead and saw a great crowd on the high bank behind Rightmeyer's mill.

An exclamation of dismay burst from his lips.

He saw at one glance that the mill was doomed.

The water was up to the second story, and the big brick building was away off the perpendicular.

"Look! Look! That building is going to fall!" cried Sandy; "the foundation must have been washed away!"

Harry made no reply. His eyes were strained toward the mill. He did not even think of their own danger, for the raft was being swept toward the crumbling building by a power which nothing could stay.

In a moment they were abreast of it, and as they went rushing past the tottering pile Harry saw old Mr. Rightmeyer lean out of the third story window and look up toward the roof.

"The man is mad!" cried Sandy. "For Heaven's sake, why does he stay in there?"

"Look out, Mr. Rightmeyer! The mill is surely going! Get out quick and save yourself!" Harry shouted at the top of his lungs.

The old man seemed to hear and recognize him, for he looked down and made a wild gesture of despair.

At the same instant a dull rumble was heard and the big mill crumbled like a house of cards.

Harry covered his face with his hands.

With a tremendous crash the ruined mill sank into the creek, and the raft went sweeping in toward the Red bridge, where it grounded.

"Poor Reg! What will he ever do?" was Harry's first thought when he found himself safe on dry ground.

He had forgotten all about his own troubles; he could only think of those of his friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARRY'S STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH DETECTIVE MONTJOY.

Twenty minutes before the appointed time when he was to meet Detective Montjoy, Harry was pacing up and down the Red bridge in the pelting rain.

He was alone.

Sandy Lewis had returned to Arlington—rather a brave act on the part of the young Scotchman, it must be admitted, but he never even hesitated when Harry said to him:

"Sandy, I've got to stay here. Go back to Arlington at once and telegraph Brannan & Co., of Chicago, to send on the men I wired them about by the night train. If I don't show up in the morning, take the new gang and go right on with the work. Of course you will notify the mayor of all that has happened and demand protection. I shall be on hand as soon as possible, but I can't say just when it will be."

"All right, boss! Whatever you say goes."

This was Sandy's only answer.

"You're a brick," said Harry, seizing his hand and pressing it warmly. "Look here, Sandy, you are doing me a bigger service than I did you. If ever the Short Line is finished and I work my way to the top, you'll be there with me, and don't you forget it. Now go!"

This conversation took place at Garry Carsten's old tavern, half a mile below the bridge.

As soon as they were safely off the raft, Harry lost no time in getting to the tavern where they dried their clothes and had breakfast. Two good horses were then engaged, and when Sandy rode off toward Mendon on one, Harry mounted the other and returned to the Red bridge to keep his appointment with Detective Montjoy.

He did not have long to wait.

Ten minutes ahead of time the detective came galloping up to the lonely spot, mounted on a black mare, a better animal in every way than the one Harry rode.

"Hello, young man! You are right on time, I see!" he exclaimed. "By gracious, I'm glad to see you and rather relieved, too, for I heard a strange story about you before I left Arlington this morning. Upon my word, I didn't know whether I was going to meet you or not."

"What did you hear?" asked Harry, quietly.

"That you'd been shot by the strikers. All Arlington is up in arms about it. One of your men informed the mayor, and there has been a raid on the boarding-house in Caliphat; a fellow named Ricketts has been arrested, and there's the old scratch to pay generally."

"Well, you only heard part of the story," said Harry. "I'm here safe and sound, Mr. Montjoy, and ready to tell you the rest," and he proceeded to relate all that had occurred.

"Well, I must say you've got pluck—lots of it," said the detective. "I'll trust you to down those fellows. By the way, everything seems to be wrong this morning. As I came through Mendon I heard that Rightmeyer's mill had been swept away, and they say the old man was in at the time."

"I saw it go."

"You don't mean it! It's a bad affair. They say his son is almost crazy. The old man would go into the mill just at the last moment, although everybody warned him of his danger. He was a fine old fellow, and it does seem too bad, for it will be a big loss to the town."

"You are sure that Reg is all right?" asked Harry, anxiously.

"Right as he can be under the circumstances. He was not in the mill at the time it went down, and I was told that he didn't know his father had gone in; but about your business—are you ready?"

"Yes; more than ready. Mr. Montjoy, if you only knew my anxiety you wouldn't keep me in suspense another minute."

"There, there, I understand it all. Now listen. I don't promise you to produce Marian Lee, but this much I do promise, I'll take you to the place where that photograph was made. What happens next depends upon circumstances. Perhaps the girl don't want to be found—I have an idea that such may be the case."

"How can that be?" cried Harry. "Marian is an orphan. Practically she has no friend in the world but me. We were engaged, and——"

"Hold on, my boy. You are going too fast. Are you sure Marian Lee was an orphan?"

"Why certainly."

"Then let me tell you that you are very much mistaken. Mr. Lee was not the girl's father. Her mother married twice, being divorced from her first husband, who was Marian's father. You see, I've been looking up this case. I've been more time on it than I had any business to, for to be frank, I am pretty well assured that you have no money in spite of the bold front you have been putting on. If I succeed in producing the girl who's to pay me? That's something I'd like to know."

Harry stared in amazement as they rode along the muddy road.

The revelation concerning Marian's parentage gave the mysterious affair an entirely new aspect, and the detective's broad hint that it might pay him to drop the case came upon him like a blow.

"You'll get your money," he said, shortly. "Don't worry, Mr. Montjoy."

"Suppose you pay me something now," said the detective, coolly.

"That I can't do."

"When shall I see the color of your money, then?"

"Can you wait till Tuesday?"

"I suppose I shall have to. You expect money, then?"

"Yes."

"From what source?"

"That's my business. I don't know that I am obliged to tell you all my private affairs."

"Nor am I obliged to go a step further in this matter," replied Montjoy, coolly. "As I told you at the start, although I am nominally employed by the Pinkertons, I am really working on my own account. However, I always like to finish a job once I have undertaken it, so I'll go on and show you the girl if I can, but mind you, I'm not going to run any chance of getting myself into trouble until I'm paid."

Harry was disgusted.

Gladly would he have separated himself from the mercenary fellow and turned back, but of course this was not to be thought of, so they rode on through the pelting rain.

But there was no further conversation beyond an occasional remark.

Harry felt very much oppressed, and began to ask himself how this adventure was likely to end, for they had now entered a lonely region where traveling was anything but pleasant.

It was known as the "old coal mines." Here, years before, extensive operations had been carried on, but the mines had long since been deserted, and thick woods had sprung up around the pits. It was all right so long as one stuck to the road, but travel through the woods was dangerous, as the pits were everywhere, and one was almost certain to stumble upon one unawares.

"We go in here," said the detective, suddenly, and he turned aside and spurred his horse in among the trees.

"Look out for the coal pits!" called Harry. "It ain't safe to ride through there!"

"Come on if you want to find your girl!" was the answer, and in a moment Joe Montjoy was lost to view.

Harry pressed after him, but he had lost time and could not come in sight of the detective, although he could hear his horse crashing among the underbrush.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "Wait for me, Mr. Montjoy."

He had scarcely spoken when the sharp crack of a rifle rang out.

"Go back!" cried a voice. "Go back! No one is allowed in here!"

Harry reined in, his heart beating wildly, for he could see no one, and the voice had apparently spoken right in his ear.

Just then there was a rush and Joe Montjoy's horse, riderless, with the blood flowing down his haunches, went dashing past.

It almost took the boy's breath away, but he never hesitated a moment in spite of the fact that he was unarmed.

Driving his horse forward, he dashed on among the trees.

"Keep to the left if you want to find him!" called the voice again. "Keep to the left or you'll be shot, too."

Instinctively Harry heeded the warning and pulled out to the left.

Almost at the same instant he found himself flying through the air.

His horse had stumbled over a mass of slaterock at the mouth of one of the coal pits.

It was fortunate for Harry that he was thrown, for he fell clear of the pit, coming down on the other side, while the horse, in struggling to regain his footing, plunged in and dropped out of sight in an instant.

Badly bruised, his face all cut and bleeding, Harry scrambled up and was just looking about when three more shots rang out.

We are bound to admit that Harry made for the road as fast as possible then.

But once there he plucked up heart and returned again, for in spite of his momentary fright, he was not the boy to desert the detective under such circumstances.

But he might as well have spared himself the trouble.

After a long tramp Harry found himself coming out upon the road again a mile nearer the Red bridge.

He had seen nothing of Detective Montjoy, nor for that matter anyone else.

His search had been in vain.

Dead or alive, the detective had vanished, leaving the mystery of Marian Lee deeper than before.

CHAPTER IX.

"HALF OF MINE IS YOURS."

Harry returned to the tavern and reported what had occurred.

"There's been a bad gang hanging around the old coal mine for some time," said the landlord. "The best thing you can do, young fellow, is to get back to Arlington as quick as possible and report the matter to the sheriff, but in the meantime who's going to pay me for my horse?"

"I will," replied Harry, quietly. "You know me, Mr. Carsten. I suppose you can trust me. I haven't the money with me now."

"Certainly I can," replied the landlord. "I hear you are a railroad builder now. It's all right. I'll take my chances and lend you another horse into the bargain. Your father did me many a good turn, young man."

Harry thanked him.

"What do you know about the gang you speak of?" he asked.

"Nothing, except what I have heard," was the reply. "More than one party hunting in the woods up there has been fired at, but I never heard of anyone being killed. It's a mystery who they are, and I'm blest if I want to investigate it, but I hope this affair will start someone else at the job."

Harry rode back to Arlington with all possible speed, stopping only at Mendon to see of what use he could be to Reg Rightmeyer, for in spite of his own troubles the boy could not forget those of his friend.

But he did not see Reg.

Greatly to his surprise he was informed that after the accident to the mill, young Rightmeyer had taken the first train to Chicago; why, nobody could tell.

Upon reaching Arlington Harry left the horse at the livery stable and hurried to his room to change his clothes, for he was now wet through again.

His brain was all in a whirl with the stirring events of the day.

But a new trial awaited him.

Upon entering his room he found a letter lying on his table, for which he was not prepared, for the lady with whom he boarded met him at the door and informed him that a boy had called and left it shortly after breakfast.

Harry's heart beat wildly as he recognized Marian's well-known handwriting, but it almost ceased to beat at all when he flung the letter down and threw himself on the bed.

The letter ran as follows:

"Dearest Harry:

"One line and the last. I am alive and well and with friends. Please make no further efforts to find me; by doing this you will render me the greatest possible service. I love you as dearly as ever, but we cannot marry. Forget me. God bless you forever.

"MARIAN."

It was a hard blow!

For more than two hours Harry just lay there and never moved.

At three o'clock a telegram came for him. The servant who delivered it drew back, frightened at the boy's white face.

The dispatch was a new surprise and only added to the mystery.

"H. Edwards, Arlington, Ill.:

"Don't bother about me. I'm all right. Have dropped your case. It won't pay either you or me to go any further.

"MONTJOY."

This ended it.

We shall now draw a line under the love affair of our Boy Railroad King and call it finished.

And why not?

Harry crushed the yellow paper in his hand, and muttered:

"No matter. I shall love Marian Lee to the end of my life, but this disappointment can't stand in the way of business. Work is what I want to make me forget it. I shall go on with my railroad and never stop working until I've worked my way to the top."

Next morning bright and early Harry was at the depot. Sandy Lewis met him with his broad face all smiles.

"Good-morning, boss!" he said. "It's all right about the men."

"You sent the telegram, Sandy?" asked Harry, nothing in his speech or manner giving the slightest hint of the terrible night through which he had just passed.

"Yes, and got an answer. Brannan & Co. will send the men down, and you needn't be afraid of the strikers either. Ricketts is in jail, and a lot of others have been pulled in, and more have jumped the town."

"Best thing they could do," replied Harry, quietly.

"Yes, but what are we to do for timber? There ain't a stick left at the bridge."

"It will all be there at noon, Sandy."

"What?"

"The raft, I mean."

"But that's at the Red bridge."

"Now it is, but it will be at our bridge by noon. I sent McFarland down Plum Creek with a naphtha launch to tow it up. As soon as the men come set them to grading. I'll be down after breakfast. Ah! Here comes the train now!"

The train rolled into the depot a moment later, and off tumbled a hundred laborers ready for business.

Harry turned them over to Sandy, who at once escorted them to the work.

Scarcely two hours was lost by the strike.

One gang Saturday night and another Monday morning, and so the work went on.

By noon the raft was back, and as the creek had fallen as rapidly as it rose, Harry was able to begin sinking piles by three o'clock.

Long before this many of the strikers came whining around for work.

Harry received them all politely, but was as firm as a rock.

"I've got all the men I want," was his only answer, and when they tried to talk he turned away.

"I tell you what it is, Harry is a hustler," Mr. Roundtree remarked, in the post office next morning, as Harry passed with a letter he had just received.

"You bet he is!" was the answer. "He's just making things hum, but the trouble is he ain't got any money, and I know it. Who's going to foot the bills?"

"He will," replied Roundtree, "and don't you forget it. I'd trust him for ten thousand dollars to-night."

Harry caught the remark, for he still stood at the door.

"Heavens! If they only knew I'd spent my last dollar," he murmured; "but this is Tuesday and here's the letter. Now to prove what there is in all this. My fate hangs by a thread."

He started to open the letter, but his heart failed him.

Harry had come up hard against his secret.

He walked three full blocks before he could muster courage to break the seal.

Pausing at last under a lamp-post, he tore open the envelope with trembling hand.

The letter contained a single blank sheet of note paper, and a check on the First National Bank of Illinois.

Harry's eyes grew big as he read the amount.

"Five thousand dollars!" he murmured. "Great Heavens, what does it mean? Who is this man?"

The name signed to the check was a most peculiar one.

"Hieronymus Delapotterie."

But it might have been Smith, Brown or Jones for all the difference it made.

Harry had never in all his life heard of Mr. Hieronymus Delapotterie.

He had no idea who the man was, or from whom the check came, or why it had been sent, and yet he had expected the check to come.

He looked at the post-mark and saw that it was Chicago.

This was all the information he had about the matter, or was likely to get, so he pocketed Mr. Delapotterie's check and was just turning away when a hand was laid on his arm.

"Good Heavens, Reg! You!" cried the boy. "What can I say to you? What——"

"Nothing, Harry! My trouble is too great. Words can't help it. Oh, Harry, I'm almost mad."

Poor Reg!

It made Harry's heart bleed to look at him, his face was so white and drawn.

"Come up to the room, Reg," he said simply.

"No, no! I can't. I must keep on the move. I wanted to see you, Hal. I—I——"

"There, there! We'll walk and talk it out. Reg, do you know I was right behind the mill when it went down?"

But Reg did not seem to hear.

"It ain't my father's fearful death," he said in a cold, hard voice; "it ain't the loss of the mill, Hal; it ain't that every dollar I have in the world has been swept away and that I'm a beggar; that ain't the worst of it. Say, Hal, you'd never guess what my trouble is to-night."

"Reg, if there's anything worse than what you say, I——"

"There is worse. Father died a forger, a thief! He undermined the mill to make it fall, so that he could claim the insurance. Heaven knows what sent him into it at the last moment—perhaps it was his conscience, but he has ruined me in reputation as well as in pocket. I haven't one cent in the world to-night—no, not one."

"Yes, you have!" said Harry, very emphatically. "Yes, you have, Reg!"

"I tell you I haven't! Don't I know?"

"And I say you have! Look here, Reg Rightmeyer! You stood by me in my trouble, and I don't forget it! See this check? It is for five thousand. It was all mine a minute ago, but it ain't now. One-half is yours, Reg, and so is the other if you need it to get you out of your hole."

CHAPTER X.

THE MYSTERY OF HIERONYMUS DELAPOTTERIE.

"Harry Edwards, you are a true friend—by gracious you are!"

"And why shouldn't I be a friend to you, Reg? Weren't you one to me? Don't I owe my start to you?"

"You owe it to my father's rascality, Harry. Would you believe it? He committed forgery to buy the Short Line. He wrote the name of one of our Chicago customers as endorsement to his own note, and so raised the cash. Then he sold you the road, and took up two other forged notes with the money you paid him. Oh, Harry, he was a great scoundrel, but I believed in him fully, and when, just before the flood came and swept away the mill, he confessed to me what he had done, I almost went crazy. I think it was what I said that drove him into the mill to die. It drives me wild to think of it. If there was anything left that I could give the people father has wronged, it would be different, but there isn't a cent, and I don't know what to do."

"I'll tell you what to do, Reg," said Harry, in his quiet way.

"What?"

"Stop thinking of what has been, and go to work. You stand on the bottom round of the ladder to-night. Make up your mind that you won't stay there—that you will work your way to the top."

"But how, Harry? So far I have had but little business experience. Father managed everything. I spent most of my time with my horses and on my wheel."

"Come in with me, Reg. Drop the old life. We'll be partners and put the Short Line through together. Meanwhile this money I have received to-night is yours if it will do you any good, half of it or all of it, just as you say."

For some moments the boys walked on in silence. Reg seemed to be thinking.

"Where did you get that check, Harry?" he asked at last.

"Reg, I can't tell you. The story is this: A few days after the auction sale, I received an anonymous letter stating that

the writer had deeply wronged my father, and that he had heard of my efforts to carry on the business, and wanted to help me and would. Then the letter went on to say that on a certain date—it was to-day—a sum of money would be sent me and that more is to follow; that I must accept it and use it, for it rightfully belongs to me. That's all I know, Reg, and now here comes the check from Chicago by to-night's mail signed by a name I don't know. I'm going to use it and say nothing, and it's yours if it will do you any good."

"It won't do me a bit of good," said Reg, "and I won't accept it—but I appreciate your kindness all the same. Our affairs are a hopeless wreck, and although I am entirely innocent of any wrong, I shall do well if I keep out of the clutches of the law."

"Be hopeful, Reg."

"I'm going to be, Harry. I'm going to take your advice and go to work."

"As my partner, Reg."

"No; I ain't fit for it. You have had experience in the business, and I know nothing about it. I'll be your right-hand man for whatever you have a mind to pay me, and I'll work night and day for your interests. When the Short Line is done and has proved a success we'll tackle another contract. That's the only arrangement I'll make. You can take me or leave me, just as you please."

"I'll take you, Reg—take you on your own terms, and if I work my way to the top you come, too."

That night Reg Rightmeyer slept with Harry Edwards, and the following day he took up his quarters permanently with his friend.

For Reg had no home. His mother had long been dead and Reg was the only child, so now that his father was gone, there was no longer anything to hold him to the lonely old house at Mendon.

Indeed, Reg never returned to it, and people at both Arlington and Mendon were soon treated to the sensation of the great crash of the big milling firm of Rightmeyer & Son.

Many blamed Reg for his father's rascality, but more respected him for the course he had pursued.

Everything he owned in the world was turned over to the creditors of the bankrupt firm, and Reg went to work on the Short Line.

"If anybody wants me they'll know where to find me," he told everyone who questioned him. "I've dropped the old business and gone into a new one. I'm working for Harry Edwards on the Short Line now."

And from the day Reg took hold business on the Short Line began to hum.

Of course Harry could not be everywhere, and where he was not Reg was, and there was always Sandy Lewis, faithful, energetic and true, to carry out the orders of both.

In a surprisingly short time the bridge was completed.

By the first of July the grading was done clear through to Locksburg, and five miles of rails down.

Of course this took money, for it was all outgo and no income.

Harry was determined not to bond the road until it was completed, and he did not have to.

At regular intervals the money came, each check being signed by that same singular name.

Those who handled the checks began to wonder who the mysterious Hieronymus Delapotterie could be, and many questioned Harry about it, but of course the boy had no answer to give.

So matters went on until at last came one bright September day when the last spike was to be driven which would complete the Arlington and Locksburg Short Line.

Reg was out of bed early that morning. He was stopping

at the Brant House in Locksburg at the time, and had to meet Harry, who was coming down from Chicago on a train which was due at six o'clock.

Hastily dressing himself, he hurried down to the station.

As he passed through the streets of the thriving Illinois town, he could not help feeling proud for Harry, and perhaps a little so for his own part in the work.

For all Locksburg was in holiday dress. Every building in Washington street was gayly decorated with flags and streamers, and people were already driving into town in farmers' wagons and buggies to witness the formal opening of the road, which was to take place at ten o'clock, after which the first train would start for Arlington.

The hotels were all full—they had filled up the day before—and the one question everybody was asking was, "where does the boy get the money?"

But Harry had strictly kept his own counsel, and only himself and Reg and the mysterious Mr. Delapotterie knew.

But Reg expected to know more on this particular morning.

So far thirty thousand dollars in checks had been received by Harry, but for several weeks there had been no remittance, and the note which had been given for the rolling stock necessary to start the road was to fall due at the Locksburg bank that day.

Now this note had been given by Harry with the greatest reluctance, but he had acted on instructions received from his mysterious backer six weeks before. The letter came by mail, and was, as usual, unsigned.

It read simply:

"Short of cash for a few weeks. Give note for rolling stock up to ten thousand for thirty days, payable at Locksburg bank."

At first Harry hesitated, but he was out of funds and the rolling stock had to be purchased then.

So he yielded, and on the day before the opening of the road came a telegram signed "Delapotterie," telling him to call at once at the First National Bank of Illinois for the money.

This was the errand which took Harry to Chicago, and Reg's anxiety to know how he had succeeded can readily be understood.

In came the train and Harry jumped off, grip-sack in hand. One glance was enough.

"You've failed," whispered Reg. "You needn't tell me. I can read it in your face."

"Then I haven't got to tell you," said Harry, in his usual quiet way. "Yes, I've failed, Reg. When I went to the bank, they told me there was no money there for me. Nobody knew anything about it, and they would not admit that they had even heard of such a man as Delapotterie."

"Strange!"

"No stranger than all the rest; it seems as though my mysterious backer had gone back on me at last."

"Don't be too sure. The notes ain't due till the close of banking hours. Old What's-his-name may come to the rescue after all."

"I wish I was out of his clutches," sighed Harry. "I don't like this way of doing business for a cent."

"Of course you'll go on with the opening just the same?"

"Most undoubtedly. Even if the notes aren't met, the road is now fully good for its indebtedness. I shall bond the property at once and clear everything off; after that I shan't accept another cent from my mysterious friend. Come, Reg, let's go to breakfast and get ready for business, for this is going to be a big day for Locksburg, and a big day for me."

"By jove, I wish I could take things as coolly as you do," said Reg, "but I suppose it's the scheme if a fellow wants to work his way to the top."

"I take 'em just as I find 'em," laughed Harry, and then they walked on to the hotel.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OPENING OF THE SHORT LINE.

By ten o'clock a big crowd had gathered at the foot of Franklin street, Locksburg, where the tracks of the Arlington Short Line joined with those of the Rock Island Railroad.

Here an extemporized grandstand had been erected, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with ladies and gentlemen representing the wealth and fashion of Locksburg and the surrounding towns.

Down on the tracks, on the Arlington side of the break, stood the brand new locomotive, with three brand new cars attached with "A. & L. R. R.," in big gilt letters, painted across their tops.

It was a big day for Harry Edwards, and no mistake, and the only thing which detracted from its triumph was the thought that Reg was not to share in the honors. Indeed, he had urged Red to allow himself to be introduced as his partner, but he would not hear to it, and stood now with Sandy at the break, ready to lift the connecting rail which would complete the line when Harry gave the word.

There was a slight delay in starting the proceeding owing to the absence of Mayor Pomeroy, but at half-past ten he appeared, and after shaking hands with Harry, took his arm, and they walked together to the break, with the band playing and the crowd cheering.

Here stood a committee of the representative business men of Locksburg, and a big crowd of strangers.

"Gentlemen," said the mayor, "let me introduce to you Mr. Edwards, to whom we are indebted for our new railroad, and let me say right here that I cannot too highly commend the pluck and energy he has shown in putting the line through."

Then everybody shook hands with Harry, and the band started "Hail to the Chief," while the crowd cheered louder than ever, and everybody on the grandstand craned their necks to see what was going on.

"Put the last rail in place, boys!" cried Harry. "We will now finish our work."

Reg and Sandy lifted the heavy rail with their rail tongs and Harry gave the directions to level it, cutting away one of the ties which was a little too high, using the adze with his own hands.

Then the mayor called out:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now about to drive the last spike and complete the Short Line. I call for the prettiest girl in Locksburg to start the nail and I will drive it home."

Then everybody laughed, and there was the greatest merriment all around.

Some called out one name, and some another. It looked as though it was likely to prove a pretty difficult matter to decide who should drive the nail.

Meanwhile Harry put down the preliminary spikes, and only one remained necessary to complete the job.

"Here's the silver nail, ladies and gentlemen," he cried, holding it up, "and may it bring luck to Locksburg. Who's to drive it? It rests with you to decide."

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd and a dozen or more young fellows pushed their way to the front, each

ing the mayor's daughter—a neat compliment to their chief official which was scarcely deserved, for there were certainly a dozen prettier faces than Jennie Pomeroy's on the stand.

"Come, come! This ain't a fair deal!" shouted the mayor.

"It's a good thing! Keep it in the family!" called someone.

"You must finish the road!"

Then there was a rousing cheer for the mayor, and another for Harry as he placed the silver spike in Jennie Pomeroy's hand.

The blushing girl bent down and placed the spike and struck it a blow, after which her father took the hammer and drove it home.

The cheers which went up then were deafening.

"Speech! Speech!" yelled the crowd, "We want to hear from Harry Edwards, the boy who built the Short Line."

"You'll have to humor them, Harry," said Mr. Pomeroy. "They want to hear from you."

"So do I," said a coarse-looking man, elbowing his way to the front. "Say, Mr. Edwards, your note has gone to protest. I represent the Michigan Car Company and we want our money. You know the amount—ten thousand and some odd dollars. If you don't pay up I have orders to put a lien on the road."

Harry turned red and drew away, for the man who smelled strongly of liquor had crowded uncomfortably close, emphasizing his remarks by shaking his fist in the boy's face.

"If you'll wait till some proper time I'll talk to you, Mr. Meyer," he said, as quietly as possible. "I am busy now."

"Busy be blowed!" bawled Meyer. "Business is business, and the Michigan Car Company hain't got no use for protested notes! Can you pay or not? We've got to settle this thing right here!"

"Get out of here!" cried the mayor. "What do you mean by this ungentlemanly attack, sir? Get out!"

"Not till I get my answer," scowled Meyer.

Harry was terribly taken down and so confused that he hardly knew what to say, when just at that moment a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder.

Harry turned and recognized Mr. Matchett, the rich man of Locksburg, himself once a railroad contractor, although now retired from business for some time.

"Pay him, Edwards," he said. "I'll loan you my check for ten thousand—or twenty thousand, if you wish. I've been watching your course, my boy. I ain't afraid to trust you. All you have to do is to say the word."

What Harry might have said we cannot say, for he never said it.

Just at that moment Mr. Davis, the teller of the Locksburg bank, came puffing up.

"Here, Mr. Meyer! It's all a mistake!" he cried. "The money has just come by telegraph. What business have you to come bothering around Mr. Edwards? You can't protest a man's note till the close of banking hours, and you know it well enough."

Here was a turning of the tables.

The crowd burst into a roar.

"Hustle him out! Kick him off the grounds! Knock his hat over his eyes!" they shouted.

They pressed around Meyer and he was glad to slink away.

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you, Mr. Matchett," said Harry. "That fellow took me unawares; I hardly knew what to say."

"He's a hog! Don't have any more business with him. If you ever want any help come to me. Anyhow, I want to see you to-morrow night at my house at half-past seven, and don't you forget it. I've something to propose."

"Start the train!" cried the mayor. "All aboard for Arling-

ton. Those who have tickets come forward, those who have not keep back!"

Ten minutes later the first train over the Short Line went flying over the newly completed road.

"You've done it, Harry," whispered Reg, finding an opportunity to speak to his friend at last, when they were about halfway down the line. "You've worked out of it; by gracious, you're a lucky fellow! You always land on your feet."

Harry laughed.

"It does seem so," he replied. "But I've only gone up one round of the ladder, Reg. I have yet many others to get over, for I am determined to work my way to the top."

CHAPTER XII.

HARRY SEES MARIAN LEE AGAIN.

The ride down the road was one continued triumph.

At every station the train stopped at—and it stopped at them all—the people came flocking out to see the first train over the Short Line, and loudly demanded the boy contractor, the builder of the railroad which was to bring this hitherto remote region in closer contact with Chicago and the great cities east and west.

There was no help for it.

Harry had to come out on the platform and show himself every time.

It was a speech at Montgomery, and another at Trilerville. At Bloomsburg they crowded around to shake hands, and almost pulled him off the train.

But the great triumph of all was at Arlington.

Harry's heart beat with pride at the way his fellow townsmen turned out to greet him.

An arch of flowers had been erected near the station, and with arms linked between the mayors of Locksburg and Arlington, Harry had to pass under it to be escorted by a band of music and a great crowd of citizens to the Columbia Hotel, where a big dinner was served, toasts drank, and all sorts of complimentary speeches made.

After dinner there was a reception in the parlor, and Harry had to stand up and have his hand shaken by half the town.

But the greatest pleasure of all was to feel the hand pressure and listen to the encouraging words of old friends, and there was a host of them—every man, woman and child in Arlington was Harry Edwards' friend that day.

At four o'clock the train returned, and Locksburg, which had a grand ball on hand in honor of the opening of the road, kept it up until morning, so Harry and Reg never got to bed at all, but were up in time to go down to the depot and see the first regular train for Arlington go out on schedule time.

Harry went over with it, for he had matters to attend to at the other end of the line, but he was back again at Locksburg in the evening ready to keep his appointment with Mr. Matchett, a gentleman whom until the day before had never honored him with the least recognition, and who had always predicted failure for the Short Line.

Upon ringing the bell of Mr. Matchett's handsome mansion on Fourth street, Harry was shown into the library, where he was most cordially received by the old contractor.

After some general conversation regarding the road and the events of the previous day, Mr. Matchett suddenly cut Harry short by saying:

"Now then, young man, to business. You've built one road, and I'm free to admit I never thought you could do it; do you want to tackle another?"

"I intend to stick to the business, sir. I'm ready for any chance which may come up."

"Good! Here's one, then. I own the bulk of the stock of a new line which is to run between Rush City and Eldora, up in Northern Michigan. About ten miles have been finished and five more are graded, but the work has come to a dead standstill, for the contractor pocketed his last payment and skipped out to Canada just a week ago to-night, leaving unpaid bills everywhere, to say nothing of his pay roll, which hasn't been settled in a month. Now then, suppose you take up the contract and finish the road? Better go up and look the ground over first, and if the payments ain't satisfactory to you I'll make them so, for I'm determined to see the road put through to a finish no matter what it costs."

Harry's eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

It was just what he wanted.

Nothing could have suited him better.

"I'll take that offer," he said, "and unless there's something very much out of the way I'll take the contract."

"You can wire me from Rush City after you've looked the ground over. When can you start?" Mr. Matchett replied.

"Any time—to-night, if you wish."

"That's too prompt, and you want to look over the plans first. I haven't them with me or we could look them over now, but if you will call to-morrow morning you can see them, and then, if there is no objection, you can start for Michigan to-morrow night. By the way, do you want any money?"

"No, sir."

"Because you can have all you want, you know. I suppose, of course, you will need some to begin work with."

"No, sir; I think not. The Locksburg & Arlington is free and clear and ready for bonding now. I can raise all the money I need."

"What! You don't mean to say there's no debt on the Short Line!" cried Mr. Matchett.

"Not a dollar, sir," replied Harry, proudly.

"And yet I am told it cost you practically all your father left to buy the franchise and such rolling stock as went with it."

"Yes, sir."

"Then where did you get the money to carry on the work?"

"I managed it. I've put the road through."

"Oh, certainly, it's none of my business," replied the old contractor, hastily, "but I must say you are a very remarkable young man, and I shall be more than pleased if you see your way to take hold of my line."

Harry's heart was filled with hope when he left Mr. Matchett's house that night.

"This will be another step on the ladder," he murmured, as he turned the corner of Washington street. "If there is any kind of show I'll take hold, and if I do, I'll put the road through or know the reason why."

"Harry! Harry! Oh, Harry!"

Suddenly the boy heard his name called.

A close carriage, muddy and travel-stained, as though it had come a long way, was rolling down Washington street at the time.

As Harry looked up he saw a young girl leaning out of the window, catching a full glimpse of her face as the carriage passed under the electric light which hung across the middle of the street.

It was Marian Lee!

Her hands were stretched out toward him appealingly.

"Harry—Harry!" she called again.

At the same instant a hand came out through the window, caught the girl by the shoulder and pulled her back.

"Stop—stop!" shouted Harry, rushing out into the street. But the driver lashed his horses into a run, and the carriage was whirled away.

CHAPTER XIII.

HARRY MAKES A SPEECH.

Of the mystery of that traveling carriage Harry Edwards knew no more when he started off by train for Rush City next day than when it went whirling past him down Locksburg's principal street.

True, he tried to follow it, but it was no use.

The driver just whipped up his horses and soon distanced him.

All night long Harry seemed to hear Marian's sweet voice calling to him for help—seemed to see her stretching out her hands to him pleadingly as he had seen her in that one brief moment.

All his old love for the girl returned, and it did seem next to impossible to get the matter out of his head; but it was easier because Sandy Lewis was with him than it otherwise would have been.

Sandy knew nothing of the troubles of his young boss.

He was all business, and full of the new railroad contract, and for this very reason the best person Harry could possibly have by him just then.

Harry spent the day in Chicago where he had important business to transact, taking the evening train for Ashland, Wisconsin.

Here there was some delay owing to a washout on the road, which was to take them down upon the Michigan peninsula, and it was almost sundown when the train at last reached Rush City, the point at which they proposed to stop and examine into the affairs of the new railroad.

At Brewasco a man came into the car full of excitement, and began to talk to the conductor.

"There's a deuce of a time down to Rush City," Harry heard him remark. "Confound them railroad fellers! They've set the shops afire and are raising hob generally. Every mother's son of them is drunk, and in my opinion they'll have the whole town burned down before morning if something hain't done."

"You don't tell me!" said the conductor. "That's bad enough. Thought Wassmeh was coming up to pay them last night?"

"The scoundrel has run away," was the reply. "They just got word this afternoon that they had nothing to hope, so this is the result."

"Humph! They are a lot of fools," said the conductor, as he moved away. "They'll scare everybody else off, and the road will never be finished—that's what they'll do."

"Did you hear that?" whispered Sandy.

"Of course I did," Harry replied.

"It looks as though we are going to have lively work ahead of us, boss. Poor time to investigate a new railroad line with a riot on hand."

Harry smiled.

"We'll fix all that, Sandy. And as for investigating, I've already done it."

"Already done it! What do you mean?"

"I did it in Chicago, Sandy. It ain't really necessary to see the road on the ground. I examined into the matter thoroughly while I kept you waiting yesterday, and I've already made up my mind to take hold if there's any show at all."

"Well, by gracious, it don't take you a year and a day to settle a thing!" said Sandy, admiringly.

The train was now close to Rush City, and it is scarcely necessary to say that Harry was a trifle nervous, not knowing what trials might be in store for him, still he showed it by no sign.

As they approached the station they passed a building standing at some little distance back from the railroad which was all ablaze, and they caught a hasty view of a big crowd around it.

"Lively times ahead, Sandy," Harry remarked, as they left the train. "You stand by me now and we'll see what can be done to straighten this matter up. I shouldn't wonder if we'd tumble in upon Rush City just at the right time."

Sandy was inclined to think it was just the wrong time, but he said nothing as he hurried up Superior street after his boss.

The street was almost deserted.

Further up they could see a few persons hurrying along, but the stores were all closed, and in some cases men stood before the door on guard.

"We'll get right around to the fire," said Harry; "there it is down that street if I'm not mistaken. Sandy, we'll soon know the worst of this."

They hurried on, but had hardly turned the corner when they struck a crowd.

Fifty or more men and boys came tearing down the street, closely pursued by a howling mob.

"Get back! Get back!" shouted an excited man, when Harry stepped aside to let them pass. "They'll kill you if you stay here!"

Then the crowd swept past them, but Harry never moved.

"You'd better get, boss," said Sandy. "By gracious, it ain't safe to stay here!"

"Go if you want to," replied Harry, quietly. "I'm going to speak to these fellows. Some of them may be working for us before the week is out."

On the other side of the street was a little square, at the end of which stood a band-stand.

Harry took in the situation at a glance.

He saw that the mob would pass the band-stand, so he ran toward it with all speed and dashed up the steps.

It was a bold move.

If Sandy had been given his own way he certainly would not have followed, but he hardly cared to show the white feather.

"Look out for yourself! For Heaven's sake be careful what you say to them, boss!" he said, as Harry turned and faced the crowd.

"Hey! Look at the dude in the band-stand! Let's get him down out of that!" yelled a half drunken fellow who ran in advance of the rest.

The cry was the signal for a shower of stones.

They came flying about the boys in the most alarming fashion.

Sandy ducked, but Harry stood his ground.

"Hold on, boys!" he shouted. "I want to say a few words to you. Who's your leader? Let him come forward, but don't kill me till I have a chance to speak, or you'll never know what I've got to say."

The crowd came to a standstill.

Every eye was directed toward the brave boy on the band-stand, whose clear, ringing voice could be heard distinctly by all.

Harry kept right on talking.

"It won't pay you to break my head, boys!" he shouted.

"I've come up here to finish the Rush City and Eldora railroad. I'll give every decent man among you all the work he

wants, with prompt pay every Saturday night. Give me a chance! You are only injuring yourselves by acting this way. Tell me your wrongs and I'll make it my business to see that they are righted, but don't go about stoning innocent people and burning the railroad company's property! My friends, that ain't the way to get your money! Break up! Go home! Sleep over it! Give me time and I'll have plenty of work for you all!"

Perhaps it was not so much the boy's words as his magnetic manner and manly bearing.

But something did it.

The mob listened to the end and then broke into a wild cheer.

"It's the boss of the Short Line down to Arlington!" a voice in the crowd sung out. "I know him! I worked for him! He'll make good every word he says!"

CHAPTER XIV.

BUSINESS.

"By gracious, an' you're the lucky man, boss!" whispered Sandy. "It's Pete Dart, the feller you sent the doctor to time his child was sick. I see him there by the pump."

Harry paid no attention, for he was again speaking.

His words were well chosen, and his method of putting his argument so simple that a child could understand.

He was not talking direct to the crowd now, although he spoke loud enough for all to hear.

A large, heavily-built man, somewhat more sober than his fellows, had separated himself from the rest and began questioning Harry as to who and what he was, why he had come there, and what he proposed to do.

Harry answered his questions with a degree of frankness which seemed to give great satisfaction.

The men pressed about the band-stand and cheered, some calling out one thing, some another.

A few knew Sandy, having worked with him before on other jobs, and began calling out to him.

"Hey, Scotty! Come down here and tell us all about it!" somebody shouted at last.

"Go down, Sandy! There's nothing to fear!" Harry whispered. "I'll argue it out while you are jollying them. We've got them where we want them now."

So Sandy went down and circulated among his friends, while Harry continued to talk it out with the labor leader.

And all this was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes.

It was a new and curious experience for Harry.

How it might have ended if the young men had been allowed to carry it out to a finish it is impossible to say, for all at once the town constable, who was watching operations from a distance without at all understanding what it all meant, plucked up courage and came charging down on the mob with his whole force, which had been so ready to retreat a few moments before.

Instantly the fury of the mob would have been aroused again but for Harry's promptness.

"Break away, boys!" he cried. "No man who keeps this fight up can work for me."

They took the hint and scattered down the side streets, and the constable who chased them with his men took all the credit to himself.

Meanwhile Harry slipped quietly out of the band-stand and hurried Sandy off to the hotel.

No more was seen of the mob, and as the fire they had set was confined to the shop built by the defaulting contractor,

at great expense, and to serve no possible good purpose, as Harry afterward learned, the damage done in no way interfered with the young railroad builder's plans.

But although Harry kept perfectly mum about his part in the affair, it came out somehow.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, he was waited upon by a committee of citizens, who warmly thanked him for the brave part he had taken.

Among them was the mayor—a pompous little man, who evidently liked to hear himself talk.

"You have saved our town, sir!" he exclaimed, shaking Harry's hand warmly. "We owe you a debt of gratitude," etc., etc.

He would have talked all day if Harry had not pleaded an engagement and torn himself away.

"I've no time to waste in talk," he said to Sandy. "I came here to work, and I propose to get at it at once."

The day was spent in examining into the condition of the railroad.

Hiring two good horses, the boys rode down the line as far as it had been graded.

The latter part of the day was spent in taking a hasty account of stock of all available material on hand, Mr. Matchett's agent at Rush City lending them every facility for the work.

At half-past five Harry was back at the hotel, where he found a number of cards of prominent business men had been left, together with several invitations to dinner, including one from the mayor.

"I suppose you'll accept one of them, boss?" said Sandy, as Harry read off the notes. "We've worked enough for one day, and you may as well take it easy now."

"Indeed I won't," replied Harry. "My work is never done; and it should be the same with any fellow who wants to work his way to the top. I'm going to make figures to-night, Sandy. I expect to be able to have a message to Mr. Matchett on the wire before midnight. If I don't take this contract I am going to look out for another. This business has got to be decided before I sleep."

Here was hustling to a degree which Sandy could scarcely comprehend.

Harry locked himself in his room, and figured away until eleven o'clock.

He supposed that Sandy had gone to bed long before, but when he went downstairs there he was waiting for him in the office.

"What's the decision, boss?" he asked, anxiously. "I couldn't sleep until I knew."

"I take hold if I can get the contract on my own terms."

"And you think you can?"

"I do. I'm going to telegraph Matchett now."

They walked around the corner to the telegraph office, which was not located in the hotel, and Harry sent his message.

It was brief and to the point.

Figures were named and one or two conditions specified.

"How long shall I have to wait for an answer?" Harry asked the operator.

"Why, I've got Locksburg on the wire now, as it happens," said the operator, glancing at the address. "Just wait a minute."

There was the usual clicking, then a break, then more clicks, and the operator wrote out the following with a triumphant smile.

"You're in luck," he said. "Mr. Matchett happened to be in the Baker House at Locksburg where our office is. Here's your answer now."

Harry seized the paper and read as follows:

"Proposition accepted. Go ahead. H. MATCHETT."

"By gracious, this is lightning!" exclaimed Sandy, as Harry read the message aloud.

"No; only business," laughed Harry. "When I set out to do a thing I don't let grass grow under my feet."

They went out of the office and had no more than reached the corner, when a man suddenly stepped in front of them.

Harry recognized him instantly. It was the leader of the mob, with whom he had argued from the band-stand the night before.

"Beg pardon, boss," he said respectfully, "I happened to see you go in the telegraph office, and I thought I'd make bold to ask you if you had decided to go on with our railroad. You mustn't think I'm crowding you, but some of us is going to get in trouble for last night's work. There's a warrant out for me, and if you don't help us we've got to get out of town."

"Stop!" interrupted Harry. "What's your name?"

"John Dolan, sir."

"How many men can you bring me by seven o'clock to-morrow morning, Dolan?"

"Sure I can bring you a hundred if you want 'em, sir, but the warrant——"

"Never you mind the warrant. I'll attend to that. Have your men with their tools at Pine Bush at eight. It will take you an hour to get there if you start at seven, and that's early enough for any man to begin work."

"Sure I'll do it, sir. Good luck to you if you've taken the contract. We've all heard about your way of doing business, sir. We know we'll get our money now and we can work with some heart."

"Do it, then," said Harry, "and see that you make me no trouble, or I'll discharge every man of you and put on a gang from Chicago while you're trying to find out what struck you. Understand?"

"Indeed I do, sir; and you'll have no cause to complain of us."

"Good-night," said Harry. "Remember! Pine Bush at eight o'clock."

"By gracious, you're chain lightning!" cried Sandy, as they went back to the hotel.

"Nonsense," laughed Harry; "as I told you before, I'm only business. Now then, I've done a good day's work, Sandy, and I'm off for bed."

CHAPTER XV.

HARRY'S MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

Bright and early next morning Harry was out of bed and rapping on Sandy's door.

He had already telegraphed Reg Rightmeyer what he had done, and written him a long letter as well, explaining everything in detail.

"You go right out to Pine Bush and start the men, Sandy," he called when the young Scotchman answered. "I'll be there by ten o'clock. I've got business here in town to attend to before I go out."

Harry's business was to try his hand with the mayor to have the warrants against the mob pigeonholed, and he succeeded, except in the cases of two of the ringleaders, neither of which was Dolan, fortunately for that gentleman.

"It would be hard to refuse you, Mr. Edwards," said the mayor. "I haven't a doubt but they would have fired every store in Rush City if you hadn't jumped in to help us as you did."

"It was nothing," replied Harry, lightly.

"Nothing to face a mob like that? Pardon me, but I can't

agree with you. I think it was a good deal. Seriously, I should think you'd be afraid to employ such a gang."

Harry laughed.

"Oh, one sort of labor is as good as another," he replied. "Use men fair and square and they'll use you the same way. I shall have no trouble with them, you'll see."

And the mayor did see.

Time passed, and the Rush City & Eldora Railroad was pushed with a rapidity which made even the rushers of Rush City open their eyes.

Not satisfied with one gang, Harry put on another, and kept the surveyors at work right ahead of them.

It was day and night—something unheard of in that section.

Harry went down to Chicago, and purchased a small electric light plant, had it placed on wheels, and let it follow the men.

As soon as the day gang were through the night hands took their places, and when darkness came the light was turned on and the work went on just as before.

Harry kept the surveyors right down to business, and they were through in a month's time.

Then two more gangs were put at work at the Eldora end, and speed was doubled.

The railroad journals took the matter up and wrote it up, and Harry woke up one morning to find himself famous, with his picture in the Chicago papers which dubbed him the "Boy Railroad King."

And for all this the money was forthcoming every Saturday night.

Reg kept down on the Short Line, although he occasionally ran up to see Harry.

Reg was turning out a splendid business man. It was he who placed the Short Line bonds on the Chicago market and they were sold to good advantage.

With the money thus received Harry was able to meet all his obligations, until Mr. Matchett's first payment came in.

By this time the boy's credit was fully established.

All Harry had to do now was to wire for whatever goods he wanted, and they were promptly forthcoming.

Drummers from all sections of the country crowded in to sell him.

It is unnecessary to say that the enterprising Mr. Meyer was not in it.

Of course Harry bought no more from his firm, although the surly drummer had the audacity to call on him three times.

In order to be conveniently located for his work, Harry built himself a little shanty midway between Rush City and Eldora.

Here he and Sandy lived alone, cooking for themselves.

During all this time nothing further was heard of Harry's mysterious friend. No further remittances came, and the boy began to think that he would never know anything more of Mr. Hieronymus Delapotterie than he knew at present.

So matters went on until fall came, and the end of the big contract was in sight.

One night in the latter part of September there came up a tremendous thunderstorm, followed by the fiercest gale Harry had ever seen.

Of course the night gang had to knock off, and Sandy, being very tired, turned in early.

But Harry had some plans to work out and a long list of bills to examine.

So he bolted the door of the shanty, lit his lamp and seated himself at his table, toiling away until long after midnight.

He was just about to give it up and turn in, when all at once there came a flash of lightning, fearful in its intensity, followed by a peal of thunder which seemed to shake the

shanty to its very foundation, which, by the way, was none of the best.

Harry sprang to his feet, startled for once from his customary coolness.

Again the lightning flashed, brighter it seemed even than before, if such a thing were possible.

At the same instant a piercing cry rang out upon the night. Harry caught his breath and listened.

The sound appeared to come from just outside.

It seemed as he strained his ears as if he could hear a faint knocking on the door.

He rushed toward it and threw it open.

A young girl, bareheaded, her garments clinging to her, all wet and dripping, almost fell into his arms.

"Harry!" she gasped. "Oh, Harry! Save me!"

Harry's heart gave one wild leap, and no wonder.

In spite of her changed appearance he instantly knew her. It was Marian Lee!

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY TAKES A WIFE.

"Marian! For Heaven's sake how came you here?"

In the first moment of his surprise at the sudden appearance of his betrothed, Harry Edwards thus exclaimed.

But Marian was past answering.

The poor girl just buried her head on her lover's broad shoulder and wept convulsively.

This recalled Harry to himself.

Without saying another word, he drew Marian inside and closed the door.

Seating her in his big chair, over which was thrown a handsome bearskin—a trophy of Harry's own marksmanship, won during a hunting expedition which he and Reg took in the forest back of Rush City—he stirred the fire, dropped the curtain in front of the bunk where Sandy still lay snoring, and sank down at the feet of the weeping girl.

Of what passed between the lovers during the first few moments we cannot speak.

Let it be remembered that these two were just about to be married when Harry's great life trouble came upon him. They were consequently very near and dear to each other. It was everything to them to be united, no matter what the circumstances might be.

But Marian quickly recalled herself.

"Oh, Harry, we must not waste a moment!" she exclaimed, drawing away from the boy's tender embrace. "I am followed. If they find me here they will kill me—kill you, perhaps, which would be worse. I promised not to come, but I could not keep my word. I had to see you, Harry, but it may be the death of one I love next to your own dear self."

"Marian!" cried Harry, "you know that you only have to speak—to make your meaning plain. I will fight for you—die for you, if necessary, or——"

"Hark! Didn't you hear someone outside?"

"It was only the wind. Speak out, dearest. Tell me what all this means?"

"I will tell you now, Harry," whispered the frightened girl, hurriedly. "I will explain all, for you must know. I can keep this dreadful secret from you no longer, but first promise that you will never use the information I am about to give you until I consent."

"I promise! I'll swear it, if necessary."

"Your word is enough. Harry, on the night of the fire I left your father's house voluntarily. Have you never guessed why?"

"Never! How could I?"

"Have you never thought that the safe robbery might in some way have been connected with it?"

"Never!"

"Yet it was so. It was my father—my real father of whom you never heard—who robbed the safe. I heard a noise after you had all retired, and going to the window, opened it. He was there on the ladder, Harry. Don't ask me to tell you all about it, for I can't. It is enough that I love him as much as he hated your father. In some way he had learned the combination of the safe, how I never knew, and also of the money your father had put in it. And I saw him steal it, Harry. It was dreadful. I don't know how I ever lived through it—he seems to have a mysterious influence over me—a sort of hypnotic power—you have heard of such things?"

Harry nodded but did not speak.

"He took the money more from a desire for revenge than with the idea of profiting by it," continued Marian. "He swore that it should be returned to you—every dollar of it; he took me away with him—I had to go. You want to know where we went. I will tell you this; you were within a hundred yards of my hiding-place when your horse fell into the pit at the old coal mines. If you had gone a little further into the woods, you would have discovered the house where I was then."

The girl spoke in a slow, hesitating way. She seemed to avoid details. Harry did not say a word, but just let her talk as she would.

"You wondered what became of the detective," continued Marian. "Perhaps you would not have wondered if you could have seen him. They shot his horse and captured the man, but it was not that which prevented him from coming to you when you called. Money did it, Harry. He sold you out. He dropped the case then and there because he was paid to drop it—you understand?"

Amazed beyond all telling at these singular disclosures, Harry dumbly nodded. He could not speak.

"That was it," Marian went on to say. "Then I wrote you that letter. I had to do it. I could not help myself. It was my father's work, Harry, but remember one thing, he has not robbed you. Every dollar of the stolen money has been returned; he promised me that it should be so when he heard of your father's sad death, and he has faithfully kept his word."

Harry's tongue was loosed at last.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Then your father is——"

"Hieronymus Delapotterie; it is his true name, although I never bore it. Try not to hate him, Harry, for he is my father and I love him, and he thoroughly respects you for what you have done."

"Can this be possible?" exclaimed Harry. "Then the money I have so strangely received was my own!"

"All yours; every dollar of it."

"It seems so very strange; but you have not told me all. What is your father? What is all this mystery? How came you here to-night?"

Marian caught his hands and whispered a few hurried words in her lover's ear.

Harry started to his feet as pale as death.

Marian dropped her head and buried her face in her hands.

"It's all over between us, I know," she breathed. "I ought not to have come; but when they told me you were here I could not help it. I felt that I must see you. I will go now, Harry. I will go out in the storm and you shall never see me again. Of course we can never be more to each other than we are now."

She drew the dripping shawl, which she had thrown aside, around her, and moved toward the door.

"I'll go now, Harry," she said, sadly. "Evidently I was mistaken in thinking that I was followed. I—I——"

Harry sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"No, no!" he cried. "You shall not go! Marian, I love you more than ever! If you were fifty thousand times the daughter of a——"

The sentence remained unfinished.

For at the same instant the door was rudely burst open, and a man sprang into the room.

"Father!" gasped Marian. "Oh, father!"

He was tall and gaunt, his white hair and beard giving him a venerable appearance, which contrasted strangely with a pair of small, piercing black eyes.

"So you are here, in spite of your promise?" he cried. "Girl, you have ruined me! Leave this place at once! I—Ha! They are after me! This is your work!"

He sprang back through the door and disappeared.

There was a sudden rush outside, and Harry, who had flung his arm about Marian, saw several dark figures run past.

Shots were fired. Someone shouted out: "Stop! Stop!"

Then all was still. What Harry might have done if he had been free to act, that we cannot say.

But he was not.

Marian lay fainting in his arms.

"What's all the row about, boss?" cried Sandy Lewis, leaping out of his bunk, where he had lain down in his clothes, calmly sleeping through it all until the shots came.

There was no row then—it was all over.

So was the storm.

So was Harry's long trial, which he had so bravely kept to himself.

"You can't marry me now," said Marian a little later. "You must not. If it all came out it would ruin you, Harry. You must let me go—we must never meet again!"

But in answer Harry just drew the blushing girl closer.

"I can marry you and I will," he answered. "Sandy, harness the horse."

And that night Harry Edwards proved to Sandy that he was just as prompt to act in love as in business.

They drove to Rush City through the storm, Harry reigning in the horse before the door of the Reverend Mr. Maddox.

The good man was amazed when he beheld the Boy Railroad King to whom he had already been introduced.

What questions he asked and what was told him we cannot say.

Harry Edwards and Marian Lee were married then and there, with Sandy as witness.

But who and what was Mr. Hieronymus Delapotterie?

That part of the mystery still remains to be explained.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARRY BEGINS THE NEW MONTEZUMA LINE.

"Hello, old man! What's all this I hear? You're a pretty fellow not to invite me to your wedding, I must say."

It was just a week later.

Reg Rightmeyer, as bluff and hearty as the Reg of old, had just come up from the station, meeting Harry on the steps of the hotel.

"Don't you say a word or ask me a question, Reg," replied Harry, returning the cordial handshake. "I'm married, and that's all there is about it, and outside of the general an-

nouncement in the newspapers, you are the only person I've told."

"But why in the world did you keep it a secret? Don't I know Marian? Wasn't I almost as much interested in her strange disappearance as you, and——"

Harry held up his hand.

"Reg, I think you are my friend," he said, quietly.

"Can you doubt it, Hal?"

"Then say no more. Come upstairs and be introduced to Marian. She will be ever so glad to see you. We leave here to-day, so you are just in time."

"Leave to-day! What in the world do you mean?"

"Business. I'm out for it first, last and all the time. I'm determined to work my way to the top. You've got to take charge here, Reg. Everything is in fine shape, and the road will soon be completed. I'm out for another job—that's all."

"Phew! You are making things hum for fair. That's why you wired me, is it?" asked Reg.

"Exactly. Read this."

Harry pulled a letter from his pocket.

Reg took it and read as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I would like to see you at my office at your earliest convenience. I represent an English syndicate; we propose to build a railroad from Denver west to Montezuma—a line of about a hundred miles' length through one of the richest mining districts of Colorado. You have been highly recommended to us as the right man to push the work. If we come to terms, we would like to have you begin on the work at once, etc."

There was more of the letter. It is not necessary to give it in all its details.

Sufficient to say that it was signed by one of the richest bankers in Chicago.

"Good!" cried Reg. "And you are going for it, old man?"

"Certainly."

"Business is booming."

"It must boom more. You can stay here and finish up?"

"Certainly I can. Brown, our new superintendent on the Short Line, is well broken in by this time; he'll manage all right."

"I'm sure he will," replied Harry; "but come up and see Marian. She's packing now, for we intend to start by the next train. I shall leave Sandy with you, and I'm sure there'll be no trouble. I may go right on to Denver before I see you again."

And this was precisely what Harry did.

His visit to Chicago was a complete success.

Willington & Co., the representatives of the syndicate, received him most courteously and complimented him highly on his success as a railroad builder.

The offer was an advantageous one in every way, and Harry accepted it with the proviso that he should not be required to begin for a month.

This enabled him to bring the Rush City & Eldora Line so near completion that Reg could easily finish it, so Harry took Sandy with him, and accompanied by Marian, they went through to Montezuma, Colorado, where a large force of laborers were already on the ground.

The line had already been surveyed, so Harry started right in with his grading, he and Marian taking up their quarters in a log hut some three miles out of Montezuma, for, owing to certain reasons, he did not think it best to begin work directly at the town.

For two weeks everything went on swimmingly. Harry had never known such bliss, and Marian, who seemed to have for-

gotten all her troubles, was as happy as a lark in their snug little mountain home.

But this state of things was too good to last, as will be seen, and the trouble began when least expected.

One evening, while Harry was seated at supper with Marian, the galloping of a horse was heard outside. The sounds ceased at the door, and the rider, hastily dismounting, announced his presence by a loud rap.

"That's Sandy! Wonder what brings him here at this time of night?" cried Harry, jumping up.

"I'm afraid something has gone wrong," said Marian. "He never comes down from the canyon in the evening."

Harry threw open the door, and there, sure enough, was Sandy.

"Oh, boss, the silver miners from the Montezuma are in the canyon!" he exclaimed. "They are tearing up the tracks. Half our day's work was done for before I left! What in the world shall we do?"

"Do! Drive them out!" cried Harry, seizing his hat. "I was afraid it would come to this; but I'll show fight. We've got the right of way, and I propose to put the railroad through the canyon. Where's my coat, Marian? Lock up the house as soon as I'm gone, and——"

"I'm going, too, Harry."

"No, no! You must stay here. It is perfectly safe, but up there at the canyon——"

"They'll kill you if they can, Harry. Where you go I go. Saddle both horses. I will not be left behind."

"But there's going to be trouble, Marian; it's a serious matter. These miners have sworn that we shan't run our tracks through the canyon. They're a rough lot—you know what that may mean."

"As if I didn't," replied Marian, calmly. "Both horses, Harry. If you don't saddle mine I shall have to do it myself and ride after you, so it will amount to the same in the end."

It was useless to argue with Marian in such a case, and Harry had already been a married man long enough to find that out.

So the saddles were hastily put upon the tough little mustangs.

The Boy Railroad King mounted one, and Marian the other. Closely followed by Sandy, they went dashing off toward Black Canyon, three miles away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FATE OF THE ROCKING STONE.

"Don't go too near, boss; it won't pay for us to show ourselves before we are ready to act."

"It won't pay for us to show ourselves at all unless we can accomplish something by it. Sandy, just you leave everything to me."

This was always the way with the Boy Railroad King. No talk—quick action.

When Harry Edwards said a thing he meant it, which is a great deal more than many people do.

That the situation was really serious he had no doubt.

The mines in Black Canyon were divided into small claims worked by their owners, as rough a set as could be found in Colorado.

These men wanted no railroad, fearing that it would bring the outside world in too close connection with the canyon, and result in some big syndicate gobbling them up as had been done in many other parts of the State.

They tried their best to prevent the surveyors from doing

their work; they had threatened Harry's men on the grading, stoning them from the cliffs.

So far they had not resorted to any more violent methods, but now that the tracks had actually begun to go down in the canyon, the miners grew desperate, and had taken matters into their own hands.

Here in the East we find it hard to understand the fierce opposition which certain people feel towards the railroads in the Far West, but it exists, and many desperate deeds have been done to prevent new lines from going through.

All this Harry understood, and for the first two weeks he kept his men on the ground night and day.

But now that the tracks began to go down and the little working engine was put on, it seemed cheaper and easier for the men to board in Montezuma.

Having heard nothing from the opposition for some time, Harry consented to this change a few days before the night of which we are speaking.

Thus only Sandy and two others were left to guard the work.

Of course it was a mistake.

Harry fully realized it when he reached the tool shanty, where the two frightened watchmen came out to meet him.

Lights were flashing down in the canyon. They could hear voices below them.

"They're at it, boss," said Barney Furguson, one of the watchmen. "By gracious, they're just busting things down there. Look and see for yourself."

Harry leaned over the edge of the cliff and looked down on the railroad, some twenty feet below.

He could see a number of men moving about, tearing up the rails with miners' picks, splitting the ties, and destroying things generally, working by the light of flashing torches.

With Sandy on one side of him and Marian on the other, Harry watched their operations earnestly for a few moments.

"Sandy," he said at last, "we've got to have our men here. We can't do anything without them."

"Not a thing, boss, but how are you going to get them before morning? They are ten miles away, and the engine is at the Montezuma end of the line."

"I wish you could ride a wheel. You could get down there easily, and have them up here in time to save something."

"But I can't, boss. Go yourself. Really, we can't do anything else; there's thirty men down there."

"I know," said Harry, "but I don't want to go. I've got a plan in my head, and I want to see if it can't be carried out."

"I'll go, Harry," said Marian, quietly.

"You, dearest? I could never consent."

"Oh, but you must. I came here because I wanted to be of some use; not because I was afraid you could not take care of yourself. Let me go, Harry. I'll have the men back just as soon as it is possible to get them here. You know, I'm a good rider—you had better let me go!"

"Go, then," said Harry. "You think you can find your way in the dark?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Get the wheel out for her, Sandy. I've got another matter to attend to. Good-by, Marian. I trust it all to you. You have the revolver?"

"Yes."

"Don't hesitate to use it if you are attacked."

"I shall know how to defend myself, you may be sure," laughed Marian.

They parted without further words.

Harry hurried off up the canyon.

Sandy got out Harry's bicycle, and watched the plucky girl as she went spinning away into the darkness.

"That's the kind of wife for a fellow to have," he remarked

to Barney Furguson. "No pulling and hauling there, each one helps the other, and—but that's the boss' whistle. I must go. Keep an eye here, Barney. If any man attempts to come up off the roadbed give him a bullet, and the shot will bring us to you as soon as we can cover the ground."

And Sandy hurried off to join Harry a little further up the canyon.

There was a break here. A cross canyon struck off to the southeast. It was a narrow gulch, the bed descending rapidly to Oro Creek; the sides were about a hundred feet high and as smooth as glass.

Sandy found his boss leaning against a giant boulder, a stone as tall as a house.

The young Scotchman had seen this before many times, and knew that it rested so lightly upon the edge of the canyon wall that it could be moved by the hand; he had often remarked that a couple of strong men could easily push it down.

"Sandy, here's our chance," said Harry; "you see."

"I'll be blessed if I do, boss."

"Curiosity will do it, Sandy."

"But how?"

"Call Barney and the other watchman; then stay at the tool-house and watch what I can do to stop the operations of those fellows without running the slightest risk."

"By gracious! I believe you can do anything you put your hand to, boss—I do, indeed."

"Off with you, Sandy. Tell Barney to bring his gun."

Sandy flew over the ground like lightning.

As soon as he got the watchmen started he took up his position at the edge of the cliff where, as long as it was dark, there was not the slightest danger of being seen, and peered down upon the miners as they silently worked over the rails.

If they knew that they were being observed they showed it by no sign.

In that clear, calm atmosphere Sandy could hear every word they said.

"We'll have to quit at daybreak," he heard one who seemed to be the leader remark at last.

"Yes, but we'll have spoiled three days' work for them by that time," another answered.

Then they laughed, and more rails were pried up and sent tumbling down into Oro Creek.

Suddenly a shot rang out—then another—and another.

"Help, boys! Help!" a voice shouted. "They've got me foul!"

The rail-smashers stopped short in their work.

"What's that?" exclaimed the leader.

But no one could answer him.

They stood listening.

Some expressed one opinion and some another.

"It must be that some of our boys started down to join us and have got nipped by them blamed railroad men in Little Canyon," the leader said at last.

Bang, bang, bang!

Three more shots were heard.

"Come—come quick, fellows! We'll be done for in a minute!" the voice sounded again.

"By time, we must go up Little Canyon and see what this means?" cried the leader.

They extinguished the torches, dropped their picks and seized their rifles, for every man had his gun ready.

Off they ran up the canyon.

Sandy chuckled as he saw them turn into Little Canyon.

"By gracious, I know what the boss is up to now!" he muttered, and he started off on the run, too.

But before he could reach the spot where he had left Harry, the echoes of the canyon were awakened by a thunderous crash.

It seemed to shake the very ground upon which Sandy trod.

As well as though he had seen it, Sandy knew what had happened.

Consequently it was no surprise to him when he saw the big rocking stone, as they called it, lying across the mouth of Little Canyon, completely blocking it up.

Harry was laughing like a schoolboy.

"They're penned, Sandy!" he cried. "They are all safe on the other side, and it's a twenty-mile tramp for them before they can get out."

An hour later the little working engine with three flat cars came puffing up Black Canyon.

The train was packed with Harry's men, and Marian and her wheel were on the foremost car.

To everybody's surprise the canyon was ablaze with the new electric light which as yet had not been put into use.

Harry, assisted by Sandy Lewis, Barney Ferguson and the watchman, were busily at work gathering up the rails.

"Where's them blame miners?" cried Sam Peters, the section boss, as the men tumbled off the cars, and Harry assisted Marian to alight.

"Oh, they're gone long ago," replied Harry, quietly.

"Gone! Why, the missus told us we were wanted here to fight."

Harry laughed.

"Not now," he said. "I've driven off the enemy, and I'll put on a night gang to-morrow. Get to work, boys, and repair damages. I've penned them all behind the rocking stone."

And from that time forward Harry never left the work night or day until the road had been pushed far beyond the disputed territory, and all danger had passed.

CHAPTER XIX.

HARD AT WORK.

As the weeks flew by after the affair of the canyon, Harry Edwards rushed the new railroad through for all he was worth.

Opposition from the miners seemed to die out.

There was no further attack and the work went on uninterruptedly until the road was put through.

Then came another of Harry's triumphant days.

The road was opened in the presence of all the "big bugs" of Denver, Pueblo, and Leadville, who came down in a body to see the first train go over the new line.

We could describe the speeches and the dinner and all that was said and done if we chose, but it is scarcely necessary for we are anxious to hurry on to other matters.

Harry was getting used to all this and was firm in his resolve not to allow all the flattering things said of him by rich and prominent men and in the newspapers to give him "the big head," as he expressed it.

So just as soon as the Colorado road was finished Mr. and Mrs. Edwards returned to Arlington, and Harry went quietly to work to improve the rolling stock and switches on the Short Line.

The road had been a complete success and business was constantly on the increase.

Out of his profits Harry was able not only to meet his own obligations, but also to help Reg straighten out his complicated affairs.

So the winter passed quietly and spring approached again.

One evening, when Harry returned from Locksburg, Marian met him at the door with a telegram.

"Another contract for the Boy Railroad King!" she exclaimed. "It takes us away out in Idaho and I'm so glad."

Harry seized the telegram and hastily glanced over its contents.

It was from the Chicago firm which had given him the Colorado contract.

The offer was for the building of twenty miles of road through one of the wildest districts of Idaho, from the mining town of Stitzville to Murray, on the Northern Pacific.

"Shall you accept?" asked Marian, eagerly.

"Certainly," replied Harry. "This is all understood; these are my own terms. I shall wire Sandy Lewis at Denver to go right through to Stitzville and meet me on the ground. Reg will go with me this time, for he is tired of staying around here, and the Short Line is in such excellent working order that the new superintendent can take care of it without any assistance from either of us."

"And I go, too, Harry?" said Marian, appealingly.

"Hadn't you better remain here, dearest? It is a rough country out there. Remember our experiences in Colorado. This time it may be worse, for the claim owners along the canyon through which this road passes have sworn that it shall never go through."

"I wouldn't stay here alone for worlds, Harry. Where you go, I go, and the greater the danger the more reason I should share it with you."

"Spoken like a brave little woman and go you shall," said Harry, flinging his arm around his wife fondly.

Just then Reg came hurrying up the walk.

"I've got the Idaho contract, Reg!" called the Boy Railroad King.

"Good!" cried Reg. "There's a clean thousand dollars a mile profit in it if we handle it right. When do we start?"

"To-night."

"I shall be ready. Have you heard the latest news, Hal?"

"No; what?"

"The Pinkerton detectives have unearthed a band of counterfeiters down at the old coal fields beyond the Red bridge. They carried on operations in a small house completely hidden in the woods. Six were captured altogether and among them was your old friend Joe Montjoy, the detective, but the leader managed to escape. He is said to be one of the most expert counterfeiters in America and goes by the name of old Hoosier. What his real name is nobody knows, and— Good Heavens, Hal! Look at Marian! Is she ill?"

Marian, whose face had grown paler and paler as Reg was speaking, suddenly reeled and would have fallen prostrate upon the piazza if Harry had not flung his arm around her.

"Hush, Reg! Say no more!" he breathed. "What a fool I was not to think. Leave her to me. Go telegraph Sandy; engage berths for us three by the night express on the Northwest. There's no question about Marian going with us now. I wouldn't leave her here alone in Arlington for a million after this."

And Harry just picked up his wife in his strong, manly arms and carried her into the house.

"Phew!" whistled Reg. "What's all this about? What's Hal's wife got to do with old Hoosier and his gang of counterfeiters, I'd like to know?"

Had Reg forgotten the mystery of Marian's disappearance, and of his friend's marriage.

Perhaps. At all events, he had plenty of time to think about it during the long ride out to Idaho, for the Boy Railroad King and his party left Arlington by the afternoon train.

Sandy Lewis met them at Stitzville, and the surveying of the road began at once.

During the spring and summer Harry and Marian lived just the life that was most agreeable to them, sleeping in a tent and moving from place to place as the work advanced.

There was not nearly the opposition that Harry expected.

Before he brought in his laborers, the Boy Railroad King personally visited the leading mine owners and tried to make them understand how much it would be for their advantage to have the old mule transportation done away with, and the new line put through.

When work actually began there was a little trouble.

But Harry adopted his usual methods.

Instead of working with one gang he put on four, worked from both ends of the line and in the middle through Deep Canyon, a wild, dangerous spot where the grading was terrible.

Twice there was an attack from the miners, and the rails were torn up at night.

But Harry quietly restored them, and his influence with the men kept them from coming into open conflict with the miners, who at length seemed to grow used to the situation and made no further trouble.

So all through the summer the road was rushed, and when fall set in it was almost done.

Harry was more talked about than ever.

One could scarcely take up an engineering paper anywhere without seeing some allusion to the Boy Railroad King.

And so matters went on until the latter part of October, when a great day came.

It was the opening day of the new Stitzville branch, as the road was called.

And everyone said it was bound to be a day of triumph for the Boy Railroad King.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ATTACK IN BLACK PASS.

"Look out for yourself, boss! I've just heard startling news."

Sandy Lewis came up to Harry and thus whispered, just as the Boy Railroad King was about to spring on his wheel and start for Stitzville on the morning of the opening day of the road.

"Hello! What now, Sandy?" replied Harry, in a low voice, for they were close to the section round-house, and there were plenty of men about.

"It's them miners again, boss. They've kept shady until now, but they are just as dead set against the road as ever. They swear that you can build all the roads you want to, but that no train shall ever go through Deep Canyon."

"Pshaw! That's an old story!" cried Harry, impatiently. "Don't you believe all you hear, Sandy."

"I got this straight," said Sandy. "Look out for the Deep Canyon. I shall run up ahead. Don't say no, boss! I'm resolved!"

"All right. Suit yourself, but you can't scare me," laughed Harry, and away he flew after Marian, who was already at some distance ahead.

"What was the matter with Sandy?" Marian asked, as he came up alongside.

"Oh, nothing at all. Just a little business," laughed Harry. "By the way, you've got your revolver, haven't you, Marian?"

"Yes; why?"

"I merely asked. One can't tell what may happen on the first train, that's all."

"Harry, you are keeping something back from me."

"Oh, it's only some of Sandy's Scotch caution," said Harry, bowling on ahead.

They reached Stitzville fifteen minutes later.

The long, straggling street which ran alongside the mountain was crowded with people.

These were almost all men; miners from the outlying districts who cared nothing about the local politics, but had just come down out of the mountains to "see the fun."

Business men from Burke, Spokane, Missoula and other large towns in that section were there, too, and many of these had brought their wives and daughters with them.

The town was gay with flags and bunting.

The cars were similarly decked out, and the big locomotive not only flew the flag, but was gaily decked out with ribbons.

The Spokane brass band, over from Washington for the occasion played "Hail to the Chief." Harry and Marian rode up to the station, where they were met by a delegation of citizens—it was the mayor himself who assisted Marian upon the platform where Reg stood awaiting them.

"Speech! Speech!" yelled the crowd, as the "big bugs" pressed around to shake the Boy Railroad King by the hand.

But Harry had become used to this sort of thing. He was no longer afraid to address a crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I can only say that I thank you for this kind reception, and rejoice with you that my work is done, and that Stitzville will soon see the last of me."

"No, no! Not that!" they shouted, and the laugh went round. "We want you to stay right here among us!"

"Which of course I would like to do," continued Harry, "but my work is building railroads, and wherever my work calls me, there I go. I wish the branch line success. If it is not successful I can only say I've done my best to make it so, and—and—I think I've said all I have to say, friends, so I'll wind up by saying, all aboard for Murray, and may our first run prove a grand success!"

Cheers followed, and the band played a lively air, as those who had tickets went aboard the train.

There were only two cars, for the full rolling stock of the road had not yet arrived, and it was rather difficult for all to find seats.

Marian took her place with other ladies in the forward car, but Harry and Reg went into the cab—something which would not have been but for Sandy's warning.

Then came a salute from a hundred rifles, and the train started amid deafening cheers.

It swept gracefully around the big curve, crossed the creek, and entered Deep Canyon, the reverberation of the second salute echoing back from the rocks as it disappeared.

Meanwhile Sam Turner, the engineer, was feeling rather uncomfortable, for Harry had just spoken of Sandy's warning.

"Do you really think them fellows will make us trouble, boss?" he asked.

"I'm sure I can't say," replied Harry, coolly: "but, you see, we are ready for them. He touched the rifle which he had brought into the cab, and Reg was similarly armed.

"Gee! I hope they don't attempt to cut us off on the Black Pass," said Sam. "If they were to drop a couple of rocks down onto us there, it would be an easy matter to send us all to Kingdom Come."

"Drive her ahead, Sam!" said Harry. "It's time enough to meet trouble when it comes."

But although Harry took it all so quietly he was in reality very uneasy, for he knew that Sandy was not the man to jump at conclusions or raise a scare without foundation.

As the train went whistling through the canyon, Harry's gaze was directed steadily ahead.

Not for worlds would he have slowed down unnecessarily, for half the moneyed men of Spokane were on board the train.

They knew nothing of this petty local opposition to the road, and Harry did not intend that they should.

The run to Black Pass was without adventure.

They made all the stops—four in number—meeting with enthusiastic crowds at each place.

"Now for Black Pass!" said Harry, as they left Tulliver; "once we get through there we are all right."

In a moment more the train swept in between two cliffs of enormous height.

It was a natural break in the Wishita range, but for which the building of the road would have been impossible.

"There's the dummy!" cried Reg, suddenly.

"By gracious, so it is!" said Harry. "Good Sandy! He's always in the lead where there's danger. I knew he would do it, although I never said a word."

The little dummy engine used in the construction of the road had suddenly run off the South Tulliver switch, and was now rattling ahead of them through the pass.

"Slow down, Sam," said Harry. "You've got to do it now."

The words were scarcely spoken when there was a terrible crash and the boys, whose heads were stretched far out of the cab windows, saw a great mass of rock go tumbling down into the pass.

Instantly a red flag went out from the dummy.

Sam Turner cut off steam in a hurry, and the train was brought to a standstill.

"There they are on the rocks! There they are!" cried Reg, pointing to the top of the cliffs on the right.

"Too far up to do us any harm," said Harry. "Tumble off! We'll push ahead and see what can be done."

But the boys did not go alone.

The big business men in the cars tumbled off, too.

When they learned what had happened, they were highly indignant.

"Put her through, young man!" cried Colonel Trotter, the Spokane miller, whose check was good for a million. "Put her through at any cost! If there's fighting to be done, I'll take a hand in!"

At the same instant the sharp crack of many rifles rang out.

The miners on the rocks were firing down into the pass.

CHAPTER XXI.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BOY RAILROAD KING.

"Aim! Fire!"

The rifles cracked, and the answering shots flew toward the miners on top of the cliff.

This was Colonel Trotter's work.

Harry said at first glance that the rifles would not carry, but the Spokane colonel disagreed with him, and now he found out his mistake.

"No use!" he cried. "Dodge against the wall, gentlemen! They can't reach you there! By jove, that boy is a cool one! He works ahead just as though the bullets weren't flying all around him and his friends, and just the same it makes a fellow feel ashamed to be hanging back here."

It was another of Harry's daring moves.

Reg and Sandy stood by him.

They three were the only ones who dared to show them-

selves in the open pass, for the miners were showering bullets down upon them.

They rattled on the roof of the dummy like rain.

Fortunately the rock which had been tumbled down upon the track was of a loose disintegrated nature.

The force of its tremendous fall broke it into a thousand pieces.

A few of the larger ones alone blockaded the track, the others had fallen in the ditches at the sides.

"Quick, boys! We can snake these off in no time!" cried Harry.

Sandy had three crowbars in the dummy brought in anticipation of this very work.

He called to the men who had accompanied him to come and help, but they refused.

"Waste no time over them," said Harry. "We'll do it ourselves."

And they were tumbling the big rocks over now as Colonel Trotter and three or four others came hurrying up.

"By thunder, we can't allow you young fellows to run all the risk!" cried the colonel. "Here! Lay on to these bars, gentlemen! Now then! Never mind a little cold lead! Those fellows can't get any sight on us. Over she goes! Now for the next—and so on!"

The colonel was a great talker, and just as great a worker.

The stones were rolled away in no time.

"All aboard!" cried Harry. "Reg, I'm going back to the engine; you stay with Sandy on the dummy."

"Look here! You're the kind of fellow I like," cried Colonel Trotter, slapping Harry on the back. "Be in my office at Spokane to-morrow noon. There's a million dollar railroad contract to be given out, and it don't go till you've figured on it—that's flat. You needn't look so black at me, Randall. I say what I mean."

"I'll be there, sir," replied Harry, quietly. He hurried back toward the cab without another word.

And yet Harry had made a discovery.

Not until Colonel Trotter spoke did he recognize in one of the men who had come forward to help clear the track his old enemy, Randall, the railroad builder, who had tried so hard to block his operations on the Short Line at the very outset of his career.

Harry turned toward the man and would have bowed to him, but Randall turned away with a malignant scowl.

Meanwhile the firing from the heights had ceased, and the only thing Harry dreaded was that another stone might be thrown down.

Reg dreaded it still more and his heart was in his mouth as they started the dummy on through the pass.

Sandy gave the safety signal to Sam Turner and the train followed.

Nothing further happened. The run into Murray was successfully accomplished.

Here the whole town turned out to welcome them, and the train was received with deafening cheers.

"Safe at last!" cried Reg, jumping down from the dummy. "By gracious! Hal's the lucky one; he always comes out ahead."

People came crowding around Reg, and some mistaking him for Harry, began congratulating him on his success.

"Oh, I ain't the boss," laughed Reg. "He's back in the train."

"Is he?" cried Colonel Trotter, pushing his way forward. "I can't find him. Thought he was with you, young man."

"No, indeed. He went back to the cab."

"So I thought, but the engineer says no."

"Probably he went into the car with his wife then, although it ain't a bit like him," said Reg, becoming rather alarmed.

His alarm was suddenly increased by Marian, who came hurrying toward him, pushing her way among the sight-seers who crowded around the train.

"Reg, where is Harry?" she demanded, her face as pale as death.

"Wasn't he with you, Marian?" gasped Reg.

"No, indeed! I haven't seen him since we left Stitzville."

"Sam Turner will know. There's can't anything have happened him."

But Sam Turner did not know.

The last he saw of Harry was when he left for the dummy.

"Merciful Heaven! Can he have been shot in the pass and we not have known?" gasped Reg. "Where's that man Randall? I believe in my soul he's at the bottom of this!"

Meanwhile Colonel Trotter had mingled with the crowd.

Reg had missed Randall, and a startling suspicion now crossed his mind.

The million dollar contract—Randall's jealous nature—his black looks at Harry—all these things came to Reg's mind with startling force.

"We must go back!" said Marian, her face as white as death.

"Yes, yes! Sandy! Turn the dummy, but I must find Randall first."

"Stop, Reg," whispered Marian, her face growing whiter and whiter. "What Randall do you mean?"

"Why, the railroad contractor—Harry's old enemy."

"Reg, was he here?"

"Why, yes. We met him in the pass," and Reg related what had occurred.

"Hush! Say no more! Don't look for him, for you won't find him," breathed Marian. "He's more Harry's enemy than you think for. We must go back at once, you and I and Sandy. Oh, Reg! Reg! I'm afraid we shall never see my poor husband alive again!"

Little did the people who crowded about the train guess what that group was discussing.

They saw the dummy spin round on the turn-table and Reg and Marian got into it; they saw it go whirling back down the line and still they never knew.

"Where's that young Railroad King?" demanded Colonel Trotter, pushing up to the train a moment later. "Where's his wife? Where's his partner? By jove, everybody seems to have taken French leave, even Randall. I'll be blest if I can make out what it all means."

There was nobody to answer now.

Reg, Sandy and Marian were in the dummy whirling down the road, their hearts filled with a thousand fears.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. HIERONYMUS DELAPOTTERIE APPEARS.

The mysterious disappearance of the Boy Railroad King, like many another mystery, offers no mystery at all when it comes to be explained.

Harry went back to the engine after the clearing away of the stones on the track, and was just about to board the cab where Sam Turner happened to be busy with his fire and so didn't see him, when someone touched him on the shoulder from behind.

It was Randall!

Harry's old enemy had changed his tactics; instead of the malignant scowl with which he had gazed upon the Boy Railroad King when Colonel Trotter spoke of giving Harry a

chance to figure on the big million dollar contract, Randall's face was now wreathed in smiles.

"Just a word with you, Edwards," he said, confidentially.

"Well, what is it?" asked Harry.

"Step this way. I don't want anyone else to hear."

Randall was standing at the time close to one of those strange breaks found in the vast rocky ledges of the Far West.

It was a canyon in miniature, cutting across the Black Pass, but it was only about three feet wide.

Harry knew of its existence, but he had never made any effort to explore its dark recesses.

It had nothing to do with his railroad, and for that reason possessed no particular interest for the young contractor, but it struck him even then as just a little strange that Randall should know of it; but there his rival stood.

Harry stepped around the projecting rock and faced his enemy.

"Did you want to see me, Mr. Randall?" he asked.

"Yes, I did; just for a moment."

"What for?"

"In regard to that Spokane contract, Edwards; say, you don't want to figure on that."

"What's the reason I don't?" asked Harry, quietly.

"Because it was as good as decided in my favor before Col. Trotter caught the Boy Railroad King fever, which everyone seems to have nowadays."

"In other words, you are afraid to have me figure on it, is that the idea?"

"You have cut and slashed prices so that no one stands a living show against you," growled Randall, his face growing dark.

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"Then you—well, I won't discuss this matter, Mr. Randall. The world is wide; there ought to be room enough in it for both of us. I shall take the four o'clock train for Spokane."

Harry spoke with marked emphasis and turned to withdraw.

"Stop a minute. I'll give you one more chance," said Randall, his trembling voice betraying his agitation. "You have tried every way in your power to get the chance to figure out this contract, but until now you have met with no success. Leave this field open to me, Edwards, or——"

"What—do you threaten?" demanded Harry, turning on the man and speaking in a tone which was not very pleasant, it must be admitted.

"No—oh, no! Of course not. I only say beware!"

"Of what?"

"You'll find out if you attempt to fool with me."

"Good!" sneered Harry. "The matter is decided now. I began at the bottom of the ladder, Mr. Randall; I'm up a few rounds, you must admit. I'm going right on, and you nor no other man can make me take one back step; I am going right on, sir—I'm determined to work my way to the top."

Now Harry, in his earnestness, had not observed that Randall raised his hand in a peculiar way as he began to speak.

He turned his back on the jealous contractor, and started to return to the train, when all at once he was seized from behind by an iron grip.

Harry struggled desperately; tried to free himself, to shout for help, but it was no use.

The hand which caught him held him like a vise, another hand equally strong was clapped over his mouth.

Harry could neither move nor speak, and to make matters worse, a bag was suddenly drawn over his head.

Practically helpless, he was seized by many hands and hurried back into the recesses of the narrow canyon.

And it was all done so quickly, so noiselessly and so effectively that those in and about the train never guessed what was going on.

As Harry was being hurried along, he heard Sam Turner blow his whistle—heard the train start amid deafening cheers.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Randall. "Hustle him on, boys; he's as dangerous to you as he is to me; now is our chance to dispose of this young upstart once and for all!"

What did this mean?

Harry heard and wondered.

To say that the Boy Railroad King was not frightened would be untrue, but through it all he kept perfectly cool and collected.

Harry's worst fear was for Marian.

Some suspicion of the truth began to dawn upon him—a suspicion which was confirmed when his captors suddenly releasing him pulled the bag from his head.

Harry was not a bit surprised to find himself in a rocky cavern lighted by the lurid glare of a flaming torch.

Randall had vanished; four rough looking men surrounded him.

"Here he is, boss!" one shouted. "We've got him at last!"

A tall figure glided into view from the depths of the cavern.

"Hieronymus Delapotterie!" thought Harry, as he caught sight of the snow-white hair and flowing beard. "God help Marian—as for me, I am lost!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"TELL HIM I'VE GONE ON TO SPOKANE."

With slow and uncertain step the venerable figure approached Harry Edwards.

The Boy Railroad King had not moved; it would have been madness for him to have attempted it, for each man held a revolver cocked and ready.

"Who is this?" demanded the old man, coming close to Harry. "Some spy who has ventured into the cave? Why didn't you shoot him? Why did you waste time by calling me?"

"Look at him, Father Hoosier," said one of the men, and a torch was flashed in Harry's face.

The old man started back with a startled cry.

"Marian's husband!" he gasped. "That boy again! Flames and furies, young man, why couldn't you attend to your own business instead of coming here to meddle with mine?"

"Ask them if it is my doings," replied Harry, hoarsely. "Ask them, Mr. Delapotterie. Have I ever attempted to reveal your secrets? Have I told anybody that my wife is the daughter of old Hoosier, the counterfeiter? Have I——"

"Stop! Not another word! What you have done and what you have not done makes no difference. You are here—you know our present hiding-place. You must die!"

Harry folded his arms and fixed his eyes upon the old counterfeiter.

"Don't be hasty, sir," he said. "Remember I am the husband of your daughter. In spite of the wrong you did my father, for Marian's sake I have never raised my finger against you. I have been betrayed into this by a man whom I thought had forgotten me—Randall, my old enemy. You know him, though I never dreamed that he was anything to you or yours."

A curious smile passed over the face of the old counterfeiter.

"More business men than one received financial help from

me," he said, dryly; "and mind you, young man, the money I have loaned them has not always been of the same high quality as that which I sent to you. So, so! This is Randall's work, eh? Leave us, boys! I must talk with my respected son-in-law about family matters; but don't you disturb yourselves, he shall never leave the cave alive!"

"Better see that he don't, boss," growled one of the men. "We'll stand a good deal on your account; remember, we let your daughter live, out of respect to you, but——" the man raised his revolver threatening, adding:—"if this young fellow escapes, one old man dies!"

Old Delapotterie raised his head and fixed his eyes on the speaker scornfully.

"Go!" he said. "Leave us alone; I shan't speak again."

Evidently the men were afraid of him, for they immediately retreated into the depths of the cave.

Delapotterie turned his gaze upon Harry with a deep, searching look.

"Tell me all," he breathed; "tell me the truth."

Realizing that his life, and probably Marian's, depended upon his coolness, Harry immediately related what had occurred.

"Humph!" muttered the old counterfeiter, "Randall's a dirty dog—a mean dog. He shan't succeed. Young Edwards, why do you stay here?"

Harry started! For the old man had slyly thrust a revolver upon him.

"Why don't you shoot me and escape?" he breathed. "Keep to the right and you'll soon be in Black Pass. I'm an old man! What can I do against you?"

"No, no! I can't do it," faltered Harry. "You are Marian's father. It is impossible."

"Is not that reason enough? Quick! Shoot me and run for your life."

"Never! It is impossible, I tell you! I won't listen to this."

"But you must."

"I can't. What would Marian say?"

"They'll kill you if you don't. Nothing else can save you."

"Then I'll stay and face the music."

"You won't! You're a good boy, Harry, you're a good husband to my poor girl; as for me, I'm too old to change, or I'd try it. Here! If you won't, I will! Now fly!"

Suddenly the old counterfeiter whipped out another revolver, and turning it upon himself, fired.

"Great Heavens, what have you done!" gasped Harry, as Marian's father fell bleeding at his feet.

"Fly! Fly! Don't be an idiot! Go while you can!" the old man groaned.

It seemed useless to hold out any longer; quick footsteps were heard approaching.

"For Marian's sake I go!" breathed Harry, and he rushed out of the cave.

* * * * *

It was while the dummy was rushing back toward the Black Pass that Reg Rightmeyer learned the secret of Marian's life.

In whispered words and unheard by Sandy Lewis, Harry's wife told of the relationship she bore to the notorious counterfeiter.

"Randall is at the bottom of this, Reg," she whispered. "If Harry has fallen into his hands, he is in the greatest danger; he will not spare him, for he hates him, and he is as bad as a man can well be."

Poor Reg was so astounded that he scarcely knew what to say.

"Do you mean to tell me that Randall is a counterfeiter, too?" he asked.

"A shaver of the queer," whispered Marian. "He has worked off thousands and thousands of dollars of counterfeit money by paying it to his laborers. Oh, Reg, what shall we do? I'm afraid it's too late now, for——"

"We won't say it, Marian—we won't think it. Let us hope and pray that we may succeed. But tell me, do you actually know your father to be in this neighborhood?"

"I have heard nothing of his movements since the day you told me of the break-up of the gang at their headquarters in the old coal fields near Mendon, Reg. Still he may well be here. I know the gang had a branch established somewhere in Idaho, as well as one near Rush City, Michigan. It was there I escaped, Reg. You never knew how it was that Harry came to marry me so suddenly, but he knew all. I kept nothing back—I wouldn't have done it. My father followed me up that night, but— Hush! Sandy is speaking. I must say no more."

"We'll be at the Black Pass in two minutes, Mrs. Edwards," said the young Scotchman. "If we don't find the boss there, what's to be done then?"

Marian turned an appealing look upon Reg.

"Ask him," she said. "I can't tell."

"We'll look up the crosscut, Sandy," said Reg, quietly.

"Ah, weel, and a muckle good thing it would be," replied Sandy, tumbling into his Scotch again as he always did when troubled or excited; "if it's Randall that's done the boss—and I cannot doubt it—it seems to me that he must have planned it long before this day."

"Perhaps," replied Reg, "Randall's very jealous. Harry has tried hard to get a chance to figure on the Spokane contract, and we know that this man has been his enemy all the way through."

"He's a black scoundrel," cried Sandy. "When I worked for him down on the Indiana Southern, he paid me in queer money, so he did, and I was arrested and near being sent to the penitentiary on that account."

Poor Marian turned her face away and blushed for shame.

Reg felt very sorry for her, but he could not say a word. A few moments later and they were in the pass.

"Stay by the dummy, Sandy," said Reg. "Marian and I will take a look around."

Then they left the dummy and made a hasty search along the track.

No trace of Harry was to be discovered.

Reg then led the way into the cross canyon.

Suddenly Marian sprang forward and picked up a handkerchief.

"Harry!" she gasped. "Oh, Reg! Reg! It is as I feared. He has been captured by my father's men!"

Reg turned pale.

"And will they kill him?" he whispered.

"As surely as he ever comes into their power. Even father can't save him. Oh, Reg, what shall I do?"

Toot! Toot! Toot!

Suddenly the dummy whistle shrieked through the canyon.

Then in the same instant a shot was fired.

"Quick, Marian! It may be Harry!" cried Reg, dashing back to the pass.

At the same instant they heard the dummy start, and when they came into the pass, there it was whirling back toward Murray.

"Randall!" gasped Marian, for the contractor's sinister face had appeared at the window.

He pointed a revolver at them, but did not fire, contenting himself with shouting back derisively:

"Looking for your husband, Mrs. Edwards! Ha, ha, ha! If you find him, tell him I've gone on to Spokane!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

"Oh, Reg! Reg! It is all over with poor Harry! That dreadful man has done his worst."

Poor Marian!

She threw herself upon her husband's faithful friend as her only support.

And she made no mistake in doing it; Reg was true to the core.

"Don't give away, Marian," he said, earnestly. "At least we can do everything in our power to expose that scoundrel and bring him to justice! How did he dare? He must have shot poor Sandy, or he never would be in the dummy now."

"There were others with him, Reg; I saw them, but you did not. Oh! What's to be done?"

"Hark!" said Reg, suddenly. "Train coming up the road."

"Impossible," cried Marian.

"It is! It's old No. 1, our working engine. Who could have started it up?"

"We must signal it!" cried Marian. "If it's No. 1, then Ned Foster is at the throttle; he'll run the dummy down in no time."

"And shall we go with him and give up the search?"

"It is useless to search, Reg. Quick! Stop No. 1 if you can!"

Reg ran down the canyon waving his hat wildly.

In a moment Ned Foster's head came out of the cab window, and the engine, which had a caboose attached, began to slow down.

"Hello, Mr. Rightmeyer! What's the trouble?" cried Ned. "Got a telegram from Murray to come through, post haste, on account of an accident to the boss, but he looks as if he was all right."

"Looks—what do you mean?" gasped Reg.

"Why, there he is—there, right behind you!"

Reg wheeled around and to his utter amazement saw Harry standing at the entrance to the crosscut.

One arm was about Marian's waist—the girl's head had dropped upon his shoulder—the other supported an old white-haired man who seemed just able to stand.

"It's all right, Reg," said Harry, quietly, "help me to get them on board as quick as possible, for the enemy is close behind us. Stand by me, old fellow, and we'll see if Ralph Randall will go on to Spokane!"

* * * * *

Bang, bang, bang!

Rifles were ringing through the Black Pass, and shots were flying.

It was all in vain!

"They are too late, dearest!" said Harry Edwards, who stood with his protecting arm about his wife, looking back out of the caboose. "They are just a day behind the fair—they cannot harm us now."

"Oh, Harry, Harry! How I love you for it! Father has told me all! Poor father! Is there not some good in him, when he was willing to sacrifice himself to save you for my sake?"

"There is," said Harry, decidedly. "Don't suppose that I could go off and leave him there to die!"

"No, a thousand times no! You never could do it, Harry, but just the same there is no woman in Idaho prouder of her husband than I am of you to-day."

Now, while Harry and Marian were watching the counterfeiters blazing away at the caboose, Reg was in the cab with Ned Foster.

This was a family matter; after he assisted Harry to lift old Delapotterie into the caboose where he now lay, Reg withdrew.

"Drive her forward, Ned; Drive her forward!" cried Reg. "I'll give you a hundred dollars out of my own pocket if you'll overhaul the dummy before we reach the big bend."

"By jove, boss, there she is ahead of us now!" cried Ned, as No. 1 went swinging round the curve.

"Crowd her—crowd her!" cried Reg. "Here, give me that rifle. If they fire at us, they'll find I'm some on firing, too."

The words were scarcely uttered when they saw the dummy leave the track and go tumbling over into the ditch.

"By jove! Bully for Sandy Lewis!" cried Reg. "That's his work! He's derailed the dummy on the two-mile switch."

* * * * *

While these stirring events were transpiring down the line, all Murray had been thrown into a fever of excitement by the reports circulating all over town that something serious had happened to the Boy Railroad King.

That is what sent the message flying over the wire to Stitzville and started out No. 1.

This is what sent the train back over the road a little later filled with the big guns of Murray.

They found the missing one at the two-mile switch.

The Boy Railroad King was calmly assisting Reg and Ned Foster to right the dummy.

Mr. Randall with a broken leg was lying in the caboose.

Two other men, rough-looking characters, were with him, both badly shaken up, as was the brave Scotchman who, forced to run the dummy at the revolver's point, had deliberately ditched it in the interest of his boss.

They were all there but Marian and her father, and they had disappeared.

But as none of those who had come down from Murray knew anything about such a person as Hieronymus Delapotterie, nobody wondered at his absence.

Perhaps Contractor Randall would have told them if he had ever dreamed that the old man left the caboose in company with his daughter after the dummy went down.

Trouble was, Randall didn't know that Delapotterie was ever in the caboose.

In fact, Harry managed the whole affair so shrewdly that Randall and his two confederates were jailed at Murray, and the name of Delapotterie was never mentioned at all.

The charge against the contractor and the others was simply assault and battery.

As Harry failed to appear against them, the men were set free and immediately left town.

Harry went through to Spokane with Colonel Trotter that night.

When he returned from Spokane next day Marian was with him.

The Boy Railroad King carried in his pocket the million dollar contract, signed, sealed and delivered.

As for Randall, he never put in his figures at all; indeed, it was a long time before he was heard of in the railroad world again.

Leaving Reg to finish up at Stitzville and Murray, the Boy Railroad King, accompanied by Marian and the faithful Sandy, passed over into Washington and went to work on the new branch of the Northern Pacific from Spokane southwest.

Shortly afterward Reg joined him, and on that night, after Marian had retired, Harry told Reg the whole story.

"And where's your respected father-in-law now?" asked Reg.

"Dead," said Harry. "Dead and buried. He never recovered and the gang is all broken up. Let him rest. Anyway, Reg, he gave me my first start, for if he hadn't stolen father's

money no doubt I would have made a fool of myself and thrown it all away."

"Well, upon my word, that's one way to look at it!" laughed Reg. "At all events, he gave it back as it was needed, and—"

"And gave me the best wife any man ever had," broke in Harry; "so I say again let him rest."

Of course Reg was far from wishing to resurrect such a peculiar person as the late Mr. Delapotterie, so his name was never mentioned again.

The new contract proved a huge success, and others followed.

Harry was rapidly winning fame and fortune.

To-day he is most emphatically the best known, if not the richest railroad engineer in the United States, and he would be so recognized by our readers if we were to make his true name known.

It was no case of luck, but a matter of hard, faithful work and strict attention to business.

Such methods applied to any calling invariably succeed.

Boys, do as Harry Edwards did—work your way to the top.

And if at times the way seems dark and the work hard, remember the story of The Boy Railroad King.

THE END.

Read "LOYAL TO THE LAST; OR, FIGHTING FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES," by Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon, which will be the next number (450) of "Pluck and Luck."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

"HAPPY DAYS"

The best illustrated weekly story paper published

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

"HAPPY DAYS" is a large 16-page paper containing Interesting Stories, Poems, Sketches, Comic Stories, Jokes, Answers to Correspondents, and many other bright features. Its Authors and Artists have a national reputation. No amount of money is spared to make this weekly the best published.

PRICE 5 CENTS

A NEW STORY BEGINS EVERY WEEK IN "HAPPY DAYS"

Out To-day!

Out To-day!

One, Two---Grab!

Or, RUSHING LIFE FOR ALL HE WAS WORTH

By Robert Maynard

Begins in No. 640 of "HAPPY DAYS," issued January 4, 1907

For Sale by all newsdealers, or sent to any address on receipt of price by

Frank Tousey, Publisher

24 Union Square, N. Y.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing four-teen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.**

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

32 PAGES

PRICE 5 CENTS.

32 PAGES.

EACH NUMBER IN A HANDSOME COLORED COVER.

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published. Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

LATEST ISSUES:

- 163 Young Wild West's Shooting Match; or, The "Show-Down" at Shasta.
- 164 Young Wild West at Death Divide; or, Arietta's Great Fight.
- 165 Young Wild West and the Scarlet Seven; or, Arietta's Daring Leap.
- 166 Young Wild West's Mirror Shot; or, Rattling the Renegades.
- 167 Young Wild West and the Greaser Gang; or, Arietta as a Spy.
- 168 Young Wild West losing a Million; or, How Arietta Helped Him Out.
- 169 Young Wild West and the Railroad Robbers; or, Lively Work in Utah.
- 170 Young Wild West Corraling the Cow-Punchers; or, Arietta's Swim for Life.
- 171 Young Wild West "Facing the Music"; or, The Mistake the Lynchers Made.
- 172 Young Wild West and "Montana Mose"; or, Arietta's Messenger of Death.
- 173 Young Wild West at Grizzly Gulch; or, The Shot that Saved the Camp.
- 174 Young Wild West on the Warpath; or, Arietta Among the Apaches.
- 175 Young Wild West and "Nebraska Nick"; or, The Cattle Thieves of the Platte.
- 176 Young Wild West and the Magic Mine; or, How Arietta Solved a Mystery.
- 177 Young Wild West as a Cavalry Scout; or, Saving the Settlers.
- 178 Young Wild West Beating the Bandits; or, Arietta's Best Shot.
- 179 Young Wild West and "Crazy Hawk"; or, The Redskins' Last Raid.
- 180 Young Wild West Chasing the Cowboys; or, Arietta the Lariat Queen.
- 181 Young Wild West and the Treacherous Trapper; or, Lost in the Great North Woods.
- 182 Young Wild West's Dash to Deadwood; or, Arietta and the Kidnappers.
- 183 Young Wild West's Silver Scoop; or, Cleaning Up a Hundred Thousand.
- 184 Young Wild West and the Oregon Outlaws; or, Arietta as a "Judge."
- 185 Young Wild West and "Mexican Matt"; or, Routing the Rawhide Rangers.
- 186 Young Wild West and the Comanche Queen; or, Arietta as an Archer.
- 187 Young Wild West and the "Gold Ring"; or, The Flashy Five of Four Flush.
- 188 Young Wild West's Double Rescue; or, Arietta's Race With Death.
- 189 Young Wild West and the Texas Rangers; or, Crooked Work on the Rio Grande.
- 190 Young Wild West's Branding Bee; or, Arietta and the Cow Punchers.
- 191 Young Wild West and His Partner's Pile, and How Arietta Saved It.

- 192 Young Wild West at Diamond Dip; or, Arietta's Secret Foe.
- 193 Young Wild West's Buckhorn Bowie, and How It Saved His Partners.
- 194 Young Wild West in the Haunted Hills; or, Arietta and the Aztec Arrow.
- 195 Young Wild West's Cowboy Dance; or, Arietta's Annoying Admirer.
- 196 Young Wild West's Double Shot; or, Cheyenne Charlie's Life Line.
- 197 Young Wild West at Gold Gorge; or, Arietta and the Drop of Death.
- 198 Young Wild West and the Gulf Gang; or, Arietta's Three Shots.
- 199 Young Wild West's Treasure Trove; or, The Wonderful Luck of the Girls.
- 200 Young Wild West's Leap in the Dark; or, Arietta and the Underground Stream.
- 201 Young Wild West and the Silver Queen; or, The Fate of the Mystic Ten.
- 202 Young Wild West Striking it Rich; or, Arietta and the Cave of Gold.
- 203 Young Wild West's Relay Race; or, The Fight at Fort Feather.
- 204 Young Wild West and the "Crooked Cowboys"; or, Arietta and the Cattle Stampede.
- 205 Young Wild West at Sizzling Fork; or, A Hot Time With the Claim Jumpers.
- 206 Young Wild West and "Big Buffalo"; or, Arietta at the Stake.
- 207 Young Wild West Raiding the Raiders; or, The Vengeance of the Vigilants.
- 208 Young Wild West's Royal Flush; or, Arietta and the Gamblers.
- 209 Young Wild West and the Prairie Pirates; or, The Fight for the Box of Gold.
- 210 Young Wild West Daring Death; or, How the Sorrel Saved Arietta.
- 211 Young Wild West Corraling the Comanches; or, Arietta and the Silver Tomahawk.
- 212 Young Wild West at Spangle Springs; or, The Toughest Town in Texas.
- 213 Young Wild West and the Renegade Ranchman; or, Arietta in a Trap.
- 214 Young Wild West's Gold Dust Drift; or, Losing a Cool Million.
- 215 Young Wild West and the Overland Outlaws; or, Arietta's Death Charm.
- 216 Young Wild West and the Ace of Clubs; or, A Human Pack of Cards.
- 217 Young Wild West at Death Valley; or, Arietta and the Cliff of Gold.
- 218 Young Wild West and the Bowie Band; or, A Hot Hunt in the Horse Hills.
- 219 Young Wild West and the Apache Princess; or, Arietta's Fierce Foe.
- 220 Young Wild West's Bucking Bronchos; or, The Picnic at Panther Pass.
- 221 Young Wild West's Cowboy Charm; or, Arietta and the Border Bandits.
- 222 Young Wild West's Lucky Lode; or, Making a Thousand Dollars a Minute.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

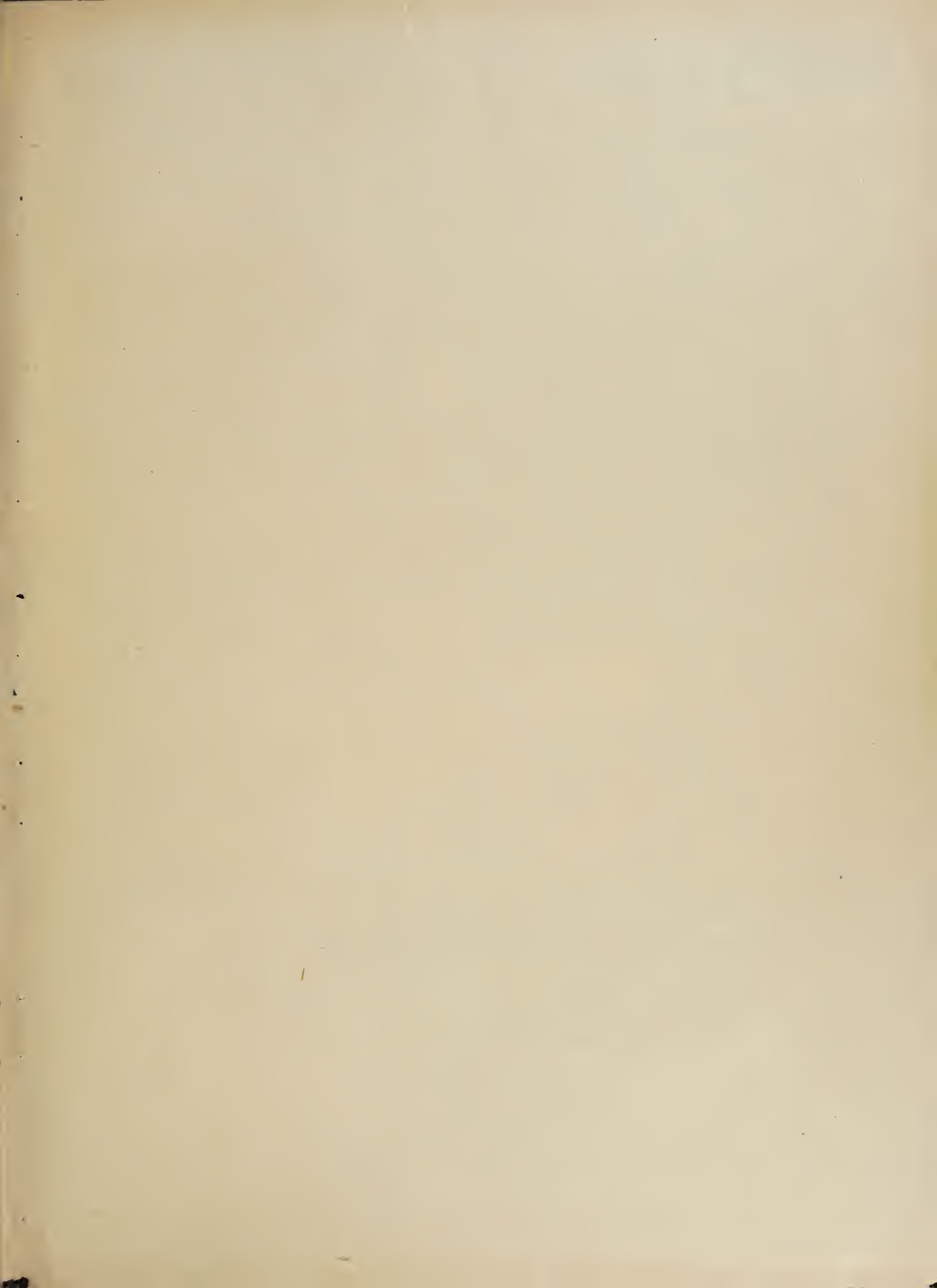
of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
.... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....
Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

LATEST ISSUES.

- 380 So Degrees North; or, Two Years On The Arctic Circle. By Berton Bertrew.
- 381 Running Rob; or, Mad Anthony's Rollicking Scent. A Tale of The American Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 382 Down the Shaft; or, The Hidden Fortune of a Boy Miner. By Howard Austin.
- 383 The Boy Telegraph Inspectors; or, Across the Continent on a Hand Car. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 384 Nazoma; or, Lost Among the Head-Hunters. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 385 From Newsboy to President; or, Fighting for Fame and Fortune. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 386 Jack Harold, The Cabin Boy; or, Ten Years on an Unlucky Ship. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 387 Gold Gulch; or, Pandy Ellis's Last Trail. By An Old Scout.
- 388 Dick Darlton, the Poor-House Boy; or, The Struggles of a Friendless Waif. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 389 The Haunted Light-House; or, The Black Band of the Coast. By Howard Austin.
- 390 The Boss Boy Bootblack of New York; or, Climbing the Ladder of Fortune. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
- 391 The Silver Tiger; or, The Adventures of a Young American in India. By Allan Arnold.
- 392 General Sherman's Boy Spy; or, The March to the Sea. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 393 Sam Strap, The Young Engineer; or, The Pluckiest Boy on the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 394 Little Robert Emmet; or, The White Boys of Tipperary. By Allyn Draper.
- 395 Kit Carson's Kit; or, The Young Army Scout. By An Old Scout.
- 396 Beyond the Aurora; or, The Search for the Magnet Mountain. By Berton Bertrew.
- 397 Seven Diamond Skulls; or, The Secret City of Siam. By Allan Arnold.
- 398 Over the Line; or, The Rich and Poor Boys of Riverdale Schools. By Allyn Draper.
- 399 The Twenty Silent Wolves; or, The Wild Riders of the Mountains. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 400 A New York Working Boy; or, A Fight for a Fortune. By Howard Austin.
- 401 Jack the Juggler; or, A Boy's Search for His Sister. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 402 Little Paul Jones; or, The Scourge of the British Coast. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 403 Mazeppa No. 2, the Boy Fire Company of Carlton; or, Plucky Work on Ladder and Line. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 404 The Blue Mask or, Fighting Against the Czar. By Allan Arnold.
- 405 Dick, the Apprentice Boy; or, Bound to be an Engineer. (A Story of Railroad Life.) By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 406 Kit Carson, Jr., In the Wild Southwest; or, The Search for a Lost Claim. By An Old Scout.
- 407 The Rivals of Round Top Academy; or, Missing from School. By Allyn Draper.
- 408 Jack Mason's Million; or, A Boy Broker's Luck in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 409 The Lost City of the Andes; or, The Treasure of the Volcano. (A Story of Adventures in a Strange Land.) By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 410 The Rapidan Rangers; or, General Washington's Boy Guard. (A Story of the American Revolution.) By Gen'l. James A. Gordon.
- 411 "Old Put"; or, The Fire Boys of Brandon. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 412 Dead Game; or, Davy Crockett's Double. By An Old Scout.
- 413 Barnum's Young Sandow; or, The Strongest Boy in the World. By Berton Bertrew.
- 414 Halsey & Co.; or, The Young Bankers and Speculators. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 415 Alow and Aloft; or, The Dashing Boy Harpooner. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 416 The Meteor Express; or, The Perilous Run of a Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 417 Buttons; or, Climbing to the Top. (A Story of a Bootblack's Luck and Pluck.) By Allyn Draper.
- 418 The Iron Grays; or, The Boy Riders of the Rapidan. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 419 Money and Mystery; or, Hal Hallerton's Tips in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 420 The Boy Sultan; or, Searching for a Lost Diamond Mine. By Allan Arnold.
- 421 Edgewood No. 2; or, The Only Boy in the Fire Company. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 422 Lost on a Raft; or, Driven from Sea to Sea. By Captain Thos. H. Wilson.
- 423 True as Steel; or, Ben Bright, the Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 424 Ed, the Errand Boy; or, Working His Way in the World. By Howard Austin.
- 425 Pawnee Bill in Oklahoma; or, Fighting with the White Chief. By An Old Scout.
- 426 Percy Greville, the Scout of Valley Forge. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon. (A Story of the American Revolution.)
- 427 Bulls and Bears; or, A Bright Boy's Fight With the Brokers of Wall Street. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 428 The Dead Shot Rangers; or, The Boy Captain of the Home Defenders. (A Story of the American Revolution.) By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 429 Lost in the Grassy Sea; or, Three Years in the Sargasso. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 430 Tom Porter's Search; or, The Treasure of the Mountains. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 431 Through Smoke and Flame; or, The Rival Firemen of Irvington. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 432 Exile No. 707; or, The Boys of the Forgotten Mine. (A Story of Russia and Siberia.) By Allan Arnold.
- 433 Steel Blade, The Boy Scout of Fort Ridgely; or, The War Trail of the Sioux. By An Old Scout.
- 434 From Engineer to President; or, Working His Way Up. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 435 Lucky Luke; or, A Bright Boy's Career in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 436 The Prince of the Prairie; or, The Boy Who Owned it All. By An Old Scout.
- 437 Herman, the Boy Magician; or, On the Road With a Variety Show. By Berton Bertrew.
- 438 Tom Barry of Barrington; or, The Hero of No. 4. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 439 The Spy of Spuyten Duyvil; or, The Boy With a Charmed Life. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 440 Two Yankee Boys Among the Kafirs; or, The Search for King Solomon's Mines. By Allyn Draper.
- 441 The Arctic Crusoes; or, Lost at the World's End. By Howard Austin.
- 442 Rob Ralston's Run; or, The Perilous Career of a Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 443 Jack Dacre's Dollar, And How He Made it Grow. By H. K. Shackleford.
- 444 The Boy Fire King; or, Barnum's Brightest Star. By Berton Bertrew.
- 445 Fearless Frank, The Brave Boy Fireman, And How He Won His Fame. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 446 Under the Black Flag; or, The Buried Treasure of the Seven Isles. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 447 The Rise of Eddie Dunn; or, The Boy With a Silver Tongue. By Allan Arnold.
- 448 Little Lariat, The Boy Wild-Horse Hunter; or, The Dash Rider of the Staked Plains. By An Old Scout.
- 449 The Boy Railroad King; or, Working His Way to the Top. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 450 Loyal to the Last; or, Fighting for the Stars and Stripes. By Gen'l. James A. Gordon.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

..... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

..... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....